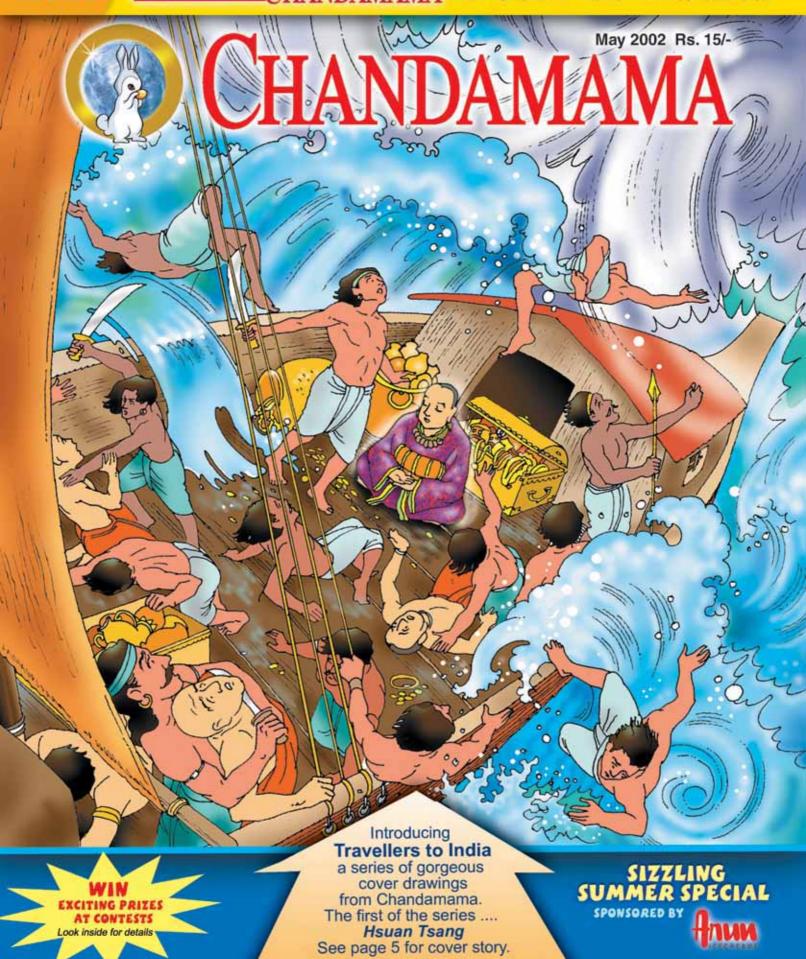
INSIDE

JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA AN 8-PAGE STORY CUM ACTIVITY PULLOUT FOR TINY TOTS.



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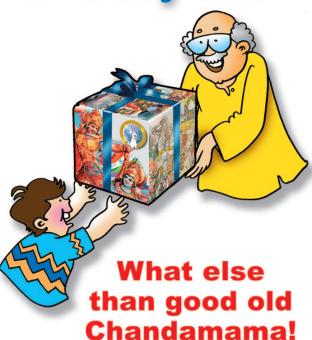








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CMYK



A change of garb

rom this month, your favourite magazine comes in a large size and with a new look.

After you have glanced through the pages of the copy you hold in your hands, you will come upon quite a few new features, while being happy that the magazine has retained all the popular features. We have lined up several new items and they will take their turn in due time.

The Summer Special of May 2001 was a big draw, so we have brought it back just as you are planning how to spend your own summer holidays. If you have been following our announcements, you will know that next month the magazine will have a pull-out on bio-diversity. That reminds us to tell you about JUNIOR Chandamama appearing this month. It will be a pull-out in every forthcoming issue.

Tell us how you like the NEW Chandamama, and don't forget to mention what more you wish to look for in your magazine.

Editorial Advisors: RUSKIN BOND, MANOJ DAS Consultant Editor: K. RAMAKRISHNAN

Visit us at: http://www.chandamama.org

Travellers to India

Editor Viswam

India, from ancient days, had attracted people from other parts boarded a ship along with eighty other sailed down the river close to a forest, so

and conquerors, merchants and tradesmen, adventurers and travellers. Hsuan Tsang was a Chinese traveller who was in India from A.D.627 to 643. He left a detailed account of his travels.

of the world. They came as invaders

He was a Buddhist priest attached to the Temple of Heavenly Radiance in Hangchow, and later to the Temple of Great Learning in Chang-an in China. There, like other monks, he spent his time translating Buddhist books from India. No wonder young Hsuan Tsang cherished a desire to travel to India.

While in India, Hsuan Tsang must have had many strange experiences. Here's an adventure he has recorded.

In the course of his travels, Hsuan Tsang had to cross the Ganga to reach an eastern kingdom, which he called Hayamukha. He boarded a ship along with eighty other passengers. As the ship sailed down the river close to a forest, some man-hunting pirates sighted it. They waylaid the ship, and threatened the passengers, some of whom jumped into the river, while others, who remained on board, had to part with their valuables.

The pirates used to offer human sacrifices to the goddess they worshipped. Hsuan Tsang's impressive physique attracted them. They decided to make a sacrifice of him. He said he would be happy, but could he first pay respects to his Master before they killed him? They agreed and he began meditating.

All of a sudden, a storm brewed. The men in the boat said the storm was god's punishment for intending to kill

a holy man. The pirates were terrified. They thought HsuanTsang had magical powers. They fell at his feet and asked to be forgiven. He advised them to return the stolen goods to their owners. When this was done, the storm subsided. The pirates marvelled at the miracle and gave up their evil ways.

Chandamama 5 May 2002

Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

Heroes of India - 8

The pages of Indian history are full of heroes. How many of the historical heroes can you recognise here?



I became the King of Thaneswar at the age of sixteen in A.D. 606. I always tried to be benevolent and charitable. Who am I?

2

I'm considered the greatest ruler of the Vijayanagar kingdom. I ruled from A.D.1509 to 1529. Who am I?

3

I declared myself the ruler of the Maratha kingdom and was given the title 'Chhatrapati' at Raigarh. You need no other clue to guess my name, do you? Three all correct entries will receive bicycles as awards.*





I, Prince of Mewar, refused to surrender even when I was defeated by Emperor Akbar in the Battle of Haldighati. Name me.

5

I've been called the greatest Pallava ruler. I defeated the Chalukya ruler, Pulakesin II. I built rock-cut temples at Mahabalipuram. Who am I?

Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on **My favourite historical hero is**

Name of participant:	
Age:Clas	
Address:	
Pin:Ph:	
Signature of participant:	
Signature of parent:	

Please tear off the page and mail it to

Heroes of India Quiz-8

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED No.82, Defence Officers Colony Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097. On/before **June 5, 2002**

Instructions

- 1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
- 2. *Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size. If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of My favourite hero.
- 3. The judges' decision will be final.
- 4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
- 5. The winners will be intimated by post.

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Did you know that there are 50,000 varieties of rice in India?

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a special 16-page supplement on biodiversity with Chandamama, June 2002

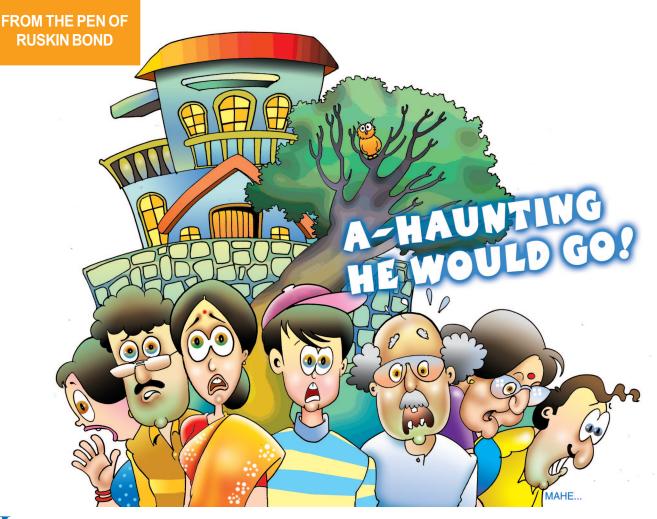
Gambes And Duiz Bringing Showies

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To mark World Environment Day on June 5.



It was Grandmother who decided that we must move to another house. And it was all because of the Pret, a mischievous ghost, who had been making life intolerable for everyone.

In India, Prets usually live in peepul trees, and that's where our Pret first had his abode—in the branches of an old peepul which had grown through the compound wall and had spread into the garden, on our side, and over the road on the other side.

For many years, the Pret had lived there quite happily, without bothering anyone in the house. I suppose the traffic on the road had kept him fully occupied. Sometimes, when a tonga was passing, he would frighten the pony and, as a result, the little pony-cart would go careening off in the wrong direction. Occasionally he would get into the engine of a car or bus, which would soon afterwards have a breakdown. And he liked to knock the sola-topis off the heads of sahibs, who would curse and wonder how a breeze had sprung up so suddenly, only to die

down again just as quickly. Although the Pret could make himself felt, and sometimes heard, he was invisible to the human eye.

At night people avoided walking beneath the peepul tree. It was said that if you yawned beneath the tree, the Pret would jump down your throat and ruin your digestion. Grandmother's tailor, Jaspal, who would never have anything ready on time, blamed the Pret for all his troubles. Once, when yawning, Jaspal had forgotten to snap his fingers in front of his mouth—always mandatory when yawning beneath peepul trees—and the Pret had got in without any difficulty. Since then, Jaspal had always been suffering with tummy upsets.

But it had left our family alone until, one day, the peepul tree was cut down.

It was nobody's fault except, of course, that Grandfather had given the Public Works Department permission to cut the tree, which had been standing on our land. They wanted to widen the road, and the tree and a bit of wall were in the way, so both had to go. In any case, not even a ghost can prevail against the PWD. But hardly a day had passed when we discovered that the Pret, deprived of his tree, had decided to take up residence in the bungalow. And since a good Pret must be bad in order to justify his existence, he was soon up to all sorts of mischief in the house.

He began by hiding Grandmother's spectacles whenever she took them off. "I'm sure I put them down on the dressing-table," she grumbled.

A little later they were found balanced precariously on the snout of the wild boar, whose stuffed and mounted head adorned the verandah wall. Being the only boy in the house, I was at first blamed for this prank; but a day or two later, when the spetacles disappeared again only to be discovered dangling from the wires of the parrot's cage, it was agreed that some other hand was at work.

Grandfather was the next to be troubled. He went into the garden one morning to find all his prize sweet-peas snipped off and lying on the ground.

Uncle Ken was the next to suffer. He was a heavy sleeper, and once he had gone to bed, he hated being

woken up. So, when he came to the breakfast table looking bleary-eyed and miserable, we asked him if he wasn't feeling all right.

"I couldn't sleep a wink last night," he complained. "Every time I was about to fall asleep, the bedclothes would be pulled off the bed. I had to get up at least a dozen times to pick them off the floor." He stared balefully at me. "Where were you sleeping last night, young man?"

I had an alibi. "In Grandfather's room," I said.

"That's right," said Grandfather. "And I'm a light sleeper. I'd have woken up if he'd been sleep-walking."

"It's that ghost from the peepul tree," said Grandfather. "It has moved into the house. First my spectacles, then the sweet-peas, and now Ken's bedclothes! What will it be up to next? I wonder!"

Chandamama

We did not have to wonder long. There followed a series of disasters. Vases fell off tables, pictures fell from walls. Parrot feathers turned up in the teapot while the parrot himself let out indignant squawks in the middle of the night. Uncle Ken found a crow's nest on his bed, and on tossing it out of the window, he was attacked by two crows.

When Aunt Minnie came to stay, things got worse. The Pret seemed to take an immediate dislike to Aunt Minnie. She was a nervous, easily excitable person, just the right sort of prey for a spiteful ghost. Somehow her toothpaste got switched with a tube of Grandfather's shaving-cream, and when she appeared in the sitting-room, foaming at the mouth, we ran for our lives. Uncle Ken was shouting that she'd got rabies.

Two days later Aunt Minnie complained that she had been hit on the nose by a grapefruit which had, of its own accord, taken a leap from the pantry shelf and hurtled across the room straight at her. A bruised and swollen nose testified to the attack. Aunt Minnie



swore that life had been more peaceful in Upper Burma.

"We'll have to leave this house," declared Grandmother. "If we stay here much longer, both Ken and Minnie will have nervous breakdowns."

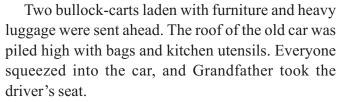
"I thought Aunt Minnie broke down long ago," I said.

"None of your cheek!" snapped Aunt Minnie.

"Anyway, I agree about changing the house," I said breezily. "I can't even do my homework. The ink-bottle is always empty."

"There was ink in the soup last night," complained Grandfather.

And so, a few days and several disasters later, we began moving to a new house.



We were barely out of the gate when we heard a peculiar sound, as if someone was chuckling and talking to himself on the roof of the car.

"Is the parrot out there on the luggage-rack?" asked Grandfather.

"No, he's in his cage on one of the bullock-carts," said Grandmother.

Grandfather stopped the car, got out, and took a look at the roof.

getting in again and starting the engine. "I'm sure I heard the parrot talking."

Grandfather had driven some way up the road when the chuckling started again, followed by a squeaky little voice.

We all heard it. It was the Pret talking to itself.

"Let's go, let's go!" it squeaked gleefully. "A new house. I can't wait to see it. What fun we're going to have!"



MIRROR TO THE RESCUE

he authorities of the Lucknow Zoo were worried: Sunny and Cheena were moody, put out glum faces, and refused to smile at the visitors. Reason: The two giant chimpanzees were lonely in their separate enclosures. The keepers racked their brain for a solution. Ultimately they decided on an experiment, and fixed large size mirrors in the enclosures. The chimps woke up to find a companion each in their enclosures. If they scratched their head, the companions too scratched their head; if they raised their left leg, the others raised their right leg! When they smiled cheek to cheek, they saw they were being smiled at! That was fun, indeed, for Sunny and Cheena. They were no longer gloomy, and the visitors found them playful, much to their mirth.





Takshashila for mastering the martial arts and warfare techniques that had been introduced there by learned masters who had come from far away China. And so the two friends parted: Swarnakirti made his way to Takshashila, while Shashanka retreated deep into the forests for meditation.

Shashanka had decided that he would give up material life and become an ascetic. So he spent years, eyes closed, legs folded, and straight-backed, and steady in meditation. His spiritual strength grew by leaps and bounds. Soon he could foresee future events. He could walk on water. He learnt to levitate. He conquered hunger and thirst and subsisted on a frugal diet of *tulsi*-water. He could even stop his breath at will. But these powers sat light on his shoulders. "All material power is transitory," he mused. "I must gain the spiritual power to conquer death and become immortal. That, after all, is the only power that is everlasting."

Shashanka was not aware that his progress was being watched; that his spiritual strength was making some beings feel insecure and uncomfortable. These were some *gundharvas*. They saw him gain strength and felt queasy. "If he continues his steadfast meditation, he will soon grow more powerful than we are!" said Soumitra, the *gundharva* chief.

"He may become immortal and take our place in the celestial world," observed his friend, Guna. "We'll have to bow and prostrate before him!"

"How can we stop his progress?" a third *gundharva* almost wrung his hand in despair.

"We must make him commit a sin so that he'll lose all the spiritual strength that he has gained. Only then will we be safe," suggested Soumitra.

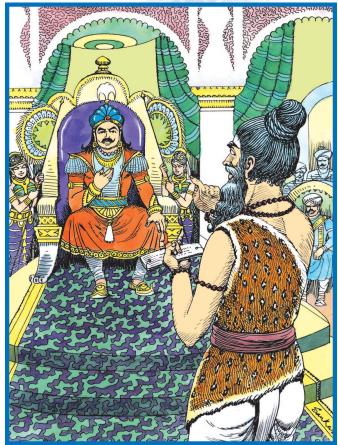
After a long and involved discussion, they decided to play a simple trick on Shashanka. To put the plan into action, Guna assumed the form of a soothsayer and went to meet King Makaranda at Karnasuvarna.

"Your son has the potential to become the greatest king on earth. You can help clear his way by performing a great animal sacrifice," he said.

"What must I do?" asked the king.

"On an auspicious day, you must sacrifice one of every species of animal and bird to be found in your kingdom. And the sacrifice must be done by someone who has conquered hunger and thirst, and has been subsisting only on *tulsi*-water for more than a year." After saying this the soothsayer went away.

The more he thought of it, the more King Makaranda liked the idea. He ordered one animal of every kind to be caught for the sacrifice. Then he made an announcement that he was performing a grand animal sacrifice for the welfare of the entire land. Such a sacrifice had not been undertaken by any king in the last thousand years. The sacrifice had to be performed by one who had conquered hunger and thirst, and had lived on only *tulsi*-water for one year. If anyone came



across such a man, the king had to be told of it immediately.

The kingdom buzzed with excitement. Everyone looked out for an eligible man to perform the sacrifice. At last a hunter remembered having seen several times an ascetic in the forest, who never seemed to eat anything.

So, he took the message to King Makaranda who immediately sent a team led by the minister in search of Shashanka. "Offer him anything, anything at all, but make him agree to perform the sacrifice," he told the minister.

The minister met Shashanka in the forest and said: "O holy one, if you conduct this great sacrifice which will benefit the entire kingdom, the king will make you his chief advisor and help you set up a great hermitage and school for aspiring students. He will fund a grand library to be built close to your hermitage."

But Shashanka turned down the offer politely. "Killing animals is a sin, even in the name of sacrifice. It is against my principles to do so," he said.

But the minister was insistent. "The king would build for you a great palace with a wonderful garden. You can have whatever you ask for!"

But Shashanka was still not impressed. "These are fine things to have, but I still prefer my life in the forest. I've a goal to reach!" he replied.

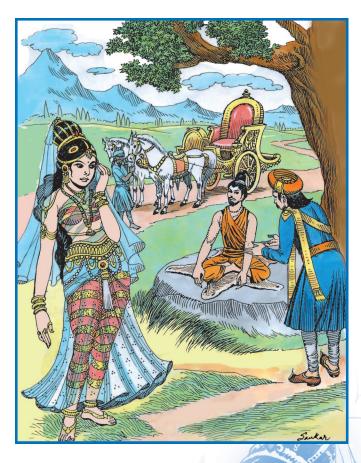
The minister went back to the king and told him what Shashanka had said. The king would not take 'no' for an answer. "Tell him I'll give him my kingdom and my daughter in marriage!" he roared.

Bhargavi, the beautiful princess of Karnasuvarna, did not like the idea of marrying an ascetic, but her father said they could later go back on their word, and deny the ascetic his dues once the sacrifice was over. Though she did not like the trick that her father intended to play, she agreed to be a party to the ruse, for the good of their subjects.

So Bhargavi accompanied the minister to the forest. "My lord," he told the ascetic, "the beautiful princess of Karnasuvarna will be your wife if you perform the sacrifice. And you shall be the king after King Makaranda!"

Shashanka looked at the blushing princess and was tempted to agree to marry her. His spiritual quest was forgotten and he was as if in a trance. "To be a king and to be married to such a beautiful princess..." He agreed to the minister's request and followed him into the king's golden chariot.

The sacrificial pit was ready. Thousands of animals were lined up for the sacrifice. The king was watching while the princess looked on tensely. After all, her life was hanging in balance, too. Shashanka stood at the mouth of the pit, sword in hand, and in front of him was a wonderful huge elephant waiting to be sacrificed. As Shashanka raised the sword, the elephant instinctively realizing what was to happen raised his trunk and trumpeted in terror. It was a



death call; all the animals cried out in unison, in alarm and panic.

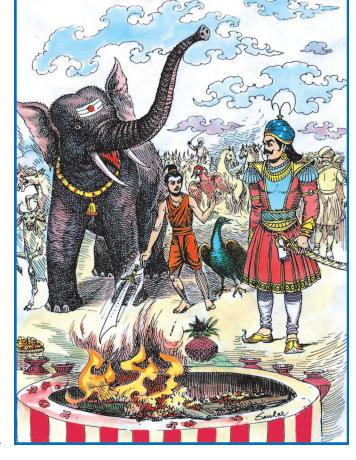
The ascetic was as if he was struck: he dropped the sword and turned away, his shoulders sagging. "My lord," he told the king. "I can't do this. Pardon me. And now permit me to go away and atone for my sinful thoughts." And before the king could say a word, he turned and walked away, elbowing his way through the milling crowds who stood mesmerized at the scene."

The Vetala finished his narration and posed his riddle to King Vikram: "O King, Shashanka had been enchanted by the beautiful princess and agreed to conduct the animal sacrifice, even though it was against his principles to kill animals. And yet when it was time for the sacrifice, he suddenly changed his mind and bowed out of the scene. Why did he do such a thing? Did he suddenly lose his guts at the sight of so many animals waiting for the sacrifice? Or did he suspect that the king might cheat him of the princess and the kingdom and that's why he decided not to go ahead with the sacrifice? If you know the answer and still choose to remain silent, your head will split into a million pieces!"

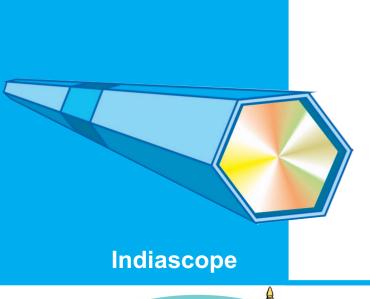
King Vikram answered immediately, "Neither of your conjectures is true! You mentioned that on seeing

the princess, Shashanka went into a trance. That was the effect of the stratagem of the *gundharvas*. But when he was ready, sword in hand, and waiting for the sacrificial rites to commence, the death cry of the elephant and the panic of the other animals jerked him out of the trance. It brought him down to realities and he realised the enormity of the sin that he was about to commit - all for the sake of a kingdom and a wife! That was why he begged the king's pardon and went away — to atone for his evil desires."

As soon as King Vikram answered the question put by the Vetala, the corpse slipped away from his shoulders and glided back to the tree.









Where God is King

Sometime back, we read of a king being worshipped as a god. Now here is the story of a god who is worshipped as a king. Come to the Rama Raja temple at Orchha in Madhya Pradesh. Legend says, this temple of King Rama was built by Madhukar Shah of the Bundela dynasty in the 1500s. He was a devotee of Lord Krishna, while his wife, Rani Ganesh, worshipped Lord Rama.

The story goes that once Madhukar Shah wanted his wife to accompany him to Brindavan, a place dear to Krishna devotees. But the Rani refused and, instead, wanted to visit Ayodhya, the birthplace of Lord Rama. Angry with her, Madhukar challenged her to bring Rama from Ayodhya. The Rani took it seriously. She went to Ayodhya and spent a year there in prayers.

One night, Lord Rama appeared to her in a dream

Toymakers of Kondapalli

If you visit Tirupati-Tiruchanoor sometime in the near future, do remember to put the traditional Andhra wooden toy sets on your shopping list. Four centers in Andhra Pradesh are popular for this folk craft form: Kondapalli, Tiruchanoor, Nirmal, and Etikiopakka. Of these, the Kondapalli toys have become very popular. They are carved out of a soft wood called Tella Ponniki, from Ponniki trees that are in abundance in these villages.

The toys depict mythological characters and events, and also draw rural themes. You might see beautiful toys of village folk— weavers, farmers, merchants, snake charmers, and washermen. Birds like peacocks, parrots and cranes, and animals like camels, horses, tigers and elephants, are also beautifully carved out of Ponniki. In ancient times,

the artists used dyes made entirely out of stones, plants, herbs, roots, and gum; nowadays they use chemical paints.

The Kondapalli toys would make a bright addition to your showcases and



your *bommai-kolu* (doll display during the Navratri festival or Dasara in Tamil Nadu).

and agreed to accompany her on condition that he would be consecrated as King Rama and not Lord Rama in her temple. The queen agreed and soon found the idol of her dream.

To keep her promise to the Lord, Madhukar Shah and Rani Ganesh consecrated the idol in Orchha as Rama Raja. This is the only temple in India where Lord Rama is worshipped as a king.

THE STRANGE HOST NEAR THE FOREST



his happened thousands of years ago. There were two demon brothers, Illval and Vatapi. They had their house near a forest, not far from a town. They were very greedy and coveted the wealth of others. But they usurped them in a novel way.

They could assume different forms at their sweet will. Illval would look like a pious householder and roam about in the street which went by the forest. He would often see merchants on their way to the town or Brahmins heading towards the king's court. He would request them to take rest in his house for a while before they continued their journey. He looked so kind that the strangers never suspected his motive. They would follow him gladly.

Illval would cordially lead them to his compound and show them a cool pond in which they could bathe. He would then ask them to relax on the verandah and inform them that he was cooking a very special lunch for them.

Very special indeed the lunch was! It was made of the flesh of a lamb - but a very unusual lamb. It was his younger brother Vatapi who would change himself into a lamb and let himself be butchered and cooked. The guests were not likely to know about it. They would happily eat the food.

Illval, their host, would then suddenly remember his younger brother.

"Vatapi, O my dear Vatapi, where are you?" he would call out.

The guests would feel a strange sensation in their stomach. The sensation would then become an acute pain. Before they could understand what was happening, their tummies would burst open. Fragments of Vatapi would emerge from them. Illval would put them together and chant some magical formula. Lo and behold! the whole Vatapi would smilingly stand before him and greet him with courtesy.

Needless to say, the guests lay dead. The two demon brothers would drag their bodies into the forest and dump them in a pit.

Illval and Vatapi grew richer and richer. In fact, they became the richest brothers in the region. People did not know the secret of their prosperity. They might have hit upon some buried wealth; or some wealthy man, who became an ascetic, might have passed on all his wealth to them - thought those who lived at

some distance. The demon brothers had no immediate neighbours to find out what went on at their house.

As is well known, among the great sages of India was Agastya. Once it so happened that he was in need of some wealth. He went to a few rich people and asked if they could help him. They could, of course, help him, they said. But why shouldn't he approach Illval and Vatapi? The two brothers could give him whatever amount of riches he needed!

Agastya proceeded to meet the demon brothers. All smiles, they received him with folded hands. "Be pleased to bless our house, O holy traveller!" the elder brother said while showing him into his courtyard.

"O pious man, I understand that you have prospered well," said Agastya. "Your face and figure show that." Looking into the eyes of Illval, the great sage had begun to understand his real nature.

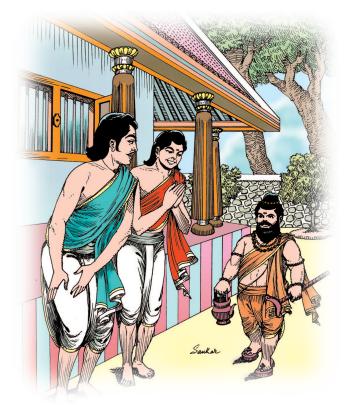
"Well, well, I've prospered with the blessings of good people like you, to speak the truth," said Illval. He was surely speaking the truth in a certain sense!

"Relax and let me kill for your sake the finest lamb I have," Illval proposed. His brother, who had already changed into a lamb, bleated standing in the courtyard, attracting the sage's attention.

"What a pity that I should be the cause of such a lovely creature's end! What about a vegetarian dish?" suggested the guest.

"Never mind, sir, you can eat it and I can have it too," was Illval's puzzling reply.

The lamb was killed, and Illval cooked it and laid out a dish of it for his guest. The sage ate it without an extra word, while the host stood, smiling



meaningfully. "Thanks a lot. It was a delicious dish, indeed," commented the sage.

"Well, it is time to inform you that those who eat this dish do not have to eat again in their life," said the demon, laughing wildly. Then, controlling himself, he shouted for his brother.

The sage sat, his hand caressing his own tummy.

"Vatapi, Vatapi, it is time for you to come out, my brother!" Illval shouted repeatedly. But there was no sign of his guest's tummy bursting. Looking surprised and almost fearful, he went closer to the sage to have a better look at him.

> "Dear fellow, your brother would come out no more. I've digested him thoroughly," the sage informed him quietly.

> Illval trembled with fear and fell at Agastya's feet. He gave away whatever the sage needed and promised never to play the trick.

> Thus ended the menace of Illval and Vatapi. The sage's power proved more than a match for the demon's wizardry.

Smkar

- Vindusar



Memories of that day....

was sitting there scribbling a poem in my diary under the shade of a nice big tree close to Cycle *bhau's* house in Ruighar village, in Maharashtra. Now, if you are wondering which tree I was sitting under...don't ask me, because I'll never be able to tell you!

Okay, back to what I was saying. I was sitting close to Cycle (yes, that was his real name!) *bhau's* house and I had been staying with his family for the past two days. What was giving my poem 'food for thought' was the hot 'nagli chi bhakri' (a roti made out of a local foodgrain called nagli) which Cycle bhau's wife had prepared.

I finished the poem and put away the notebook in my bag. Just then my eyes caught sight of Jaya *tai* and her daughter following the '*paivat*' (a foot trail) to the nearby river. A total of four pots between the two of them was an indication that they were heading for the river to collect water for their cooking, drinking, and washing. I decided to walk along with them, as I needed to digest all that *nagli* I had packed into my stomach.

As I was walking with them, I thought of my home and my life in Delhi. How simple it is for me to open the tap and get all the water I want. People in this village have to walk all the way to the river to get this basic need. I also started speculating on how the people of this village set apart and purify the water they would use for cooking and drinking. Was it safe to use the river water for all purposes? There were a bundle of questions in my head.

By the time I had finished doing all this big thinking, we had reached the river, and Jaya *tai's* daughter began filling water from the river. But Jaya *tai* was not there with her daughter. She was doing something else...she was digging a hole!

That's when I noticed these things... the many water holes all along the riverbed, just like the one which Jaya *tai* was digging. All of them between 20-30 feet from the river, approximately. My curiosity finally burst out in words and I asked Jaya *tai* what she was up to. She very simply told me that she was digging the hole to get drinking water. Watching her more carefully made me understand the process. A hole is dug along the riverbed till one reaches the water source and then water is filled up. This water was visibly cleaner from what Jaya *tai's* daughter had filled up from that part of the river which she could access. Maybe that is why the



Forests act like a giant sponge and help to catch the rain that falls on our country. And then this water slowly drips onto the ground, and goes into underground water storages, like giant natural tanks. When forests are cut down, especially on hill slopes, the rainwater simply gushes down into rivers, and causes floods. And because it has not been gently guided into the ground, the groundwater also begins to decrease. The result is that in summer, there is not enough water any more! Floods on one hand, and droughts on the other, are now common across India, because we have destroyed more than half of our natural forests. Stopping this is only possible by regenerating or replanting our forests!

- Ashish Kothari



villagers considered it more suitable for drinking and cooking purposes.

I had never seen anything like this before. Why did all the people from this village have to do this? Why not just dig a well and get the water? Wouldn't that be much simpler? But, then, maybe that was not possible. Maybe, further away from the river and closer to Cycle *bhau's* house in the village, one had to dig a really deep well to reach the water level. Perhaps there had been water in the village wells earlier which had now dried up, because all the trees in the forest around the village had been cut. It is so important for trees to be there for the water in the ground, I reflected. Trees do not let the rainwater just flow away. They allow for it to sink deep into the ground year after year.

Yes, maybe this was the case! I started putting incidents together one by one. I had seen that there was hardly any forest left around the village. Cycle *bhau's* mother had told me how she had to walk longer distances these days to reach the forest area and how the *karvand* (a local fruit) trees in the forest had vanished.

I never did confirm any of this! I quietly returned and sat under that big tree and closed my eyes...and just wished that Ruighar..the village where I was staying and which was Cycle *bhau's* home, get all its trees back... soon.



TALES FROM OTHER LANDS (AFRICA)

"Mother, tell us a story!" Manzandaba's children cried out as the family sat around the fire at the end of the day. That really put Manzandaba in a spot, because she just didn't know any, and as hard as she thought, she couldn't think of any. Has that ever happened to you - when someone says 'tell us a story' and your mind goes blank? Well, that's just what happened to poor Manzandaba. She asked others in the village whether they knew any stories, but they didn't.

Now, the village in which these story-hungry children lived was in deep Africa, in Zululand. The people there hunted for meat in the bush at the edge of the village or tilled the clearing around the village. Sometimes, they would go down to the coast and

fish or catch the funny crabs that scuttled sideways on the sea-smoothened sand. The people of the village were very clever with their hands. When they were not hunting for meat or tilling the land to grow their crops, they wove beautiful baskets and carved things out of wood. The cleverest of them all was Manzandaba's husband, Zenzele. He was an artist who could carve the most beautiful pictures in wood. He carved birds and impala deer, and other animals that roamed

birds and impala deer, and other animals that roamed the earth. He put in trees and plants and flowers into his pictures. But even he did not know any stories.

One day, after the children had been particularly loud in their demand for stories,
Zenzele told Manzandaba: "Why

don't you go out and look for stories? I shall look after our home and children while you do that."

Manz thought it was a very good idea. After she had packed some *uputhu* (maize meal porridge) in a basket to eat with boiled *amadumbe* tubers (which grow in the swamps), she hugged her husband and kissed her children goodbye. Then she placed the basket on her head and set out to look for stories.

As Manz walked gracefully with the basket on her head with the colourful beads on her dress swaying gently, a hare popped out from behind a bush and looked at her curiously. Now Manz knew that the hare was a tricky and kind of difficult fellow, but she thought she better ask him if he knew any stories. You never know who can be of help. "O! Clever Hare!" she said flatteringly. "Do you know any stories? My children want to hear stories every evening!"

"Stories?" repeated the hare scornfully. "Why, I

know millions of them! But I have no time for stories *now*. Don't I have a million other more important things to do?" He bounded off with a hop, skip, and a jump.

Manzandaba realised he was lying! He didn't have any stories! He was a real trickster. As Manz walked along shaking her head at him, she met Fene the baboon with her babies. "O!

Fene," she called out, "do you tell stories to your children?"

"Stories? What are stories?" asked Fene.
"In any case, I'm too busy trying to keep my babies fed and warm. I've no time for anything else." With a sigh, Manzandaba continued on her way.

An owl nodding in a wild fig tree next caught her eye. "O! Owl," she called out loudly, "do you have any stories you could give me to take

Chandamama



back home? My children want to hear some."

Well, the owl was most upset at having been disturbed while she was sleeping. "Who's that yelling into my ears?" she hooted. "What do you want? Stories! You woke me up for stories? Don't you have any useful work to do that you wander around the forest looking for stories? These humans cannot live in peace, must always be looking for something or doing something," she

grumbled as she settled herself on a higher branch and once more began to nod off. And Manzandaba sadly went her way.

Next, she came upon an elephant flapping his large ears as he munched on a bunch of bananas. "O! Kind Elephant," she asked, "do you know any stories? My people are hungry for some tales, and we do not have any! Do you know where one can look for them?"

Now the elephant being a kind animal felt sorry for the worried woman. "Well," he said, "I do not know of any stories. But why don't you ask the Eagle? He is the king of birds and flies so high in the sky that he sees many things others do not."

"O! That's a good idea!" Manz exclaimed. "Thank you so much!"

So Manzandaba went looking for the great fish eagle. Near the mouth of the Tugela river, she saw him swooping down from the sky, talons outstretched to grab a fish. Excitedly she ran towards him. "O! Great Eagle!" she called, startling him into dropping the fish that he had picked up. He circled around and landed on the shore near the woman.

"Hey, why did you do that?" he demanded. "You made me drop my supper. What do you want?"

"O! Great and wise Eagle," began Manzandaba in a flattering way, because she knew the Eagle was a very vain bird. "My people are hungry for stories but we have none. I've been searching high and low but haven't found any. Now I'm quite desperate and feel I'll never find stories. Do you know of any that I can take back to them?"

"Well," the Eagle said, feeling very important, "I'm quite wise, but I do not know everything. I only know of the things that are here on the face of the earth.

But there's one who knows even the secrets of the deep, dark ocean. Perhaps he could help you. I'll try and call him for you. Stay here and wait for me!" So Manzandaba waited several days for her friend the fish eagle to return. Finally he came back to her. "Here I am!" he called. Siko "Did you think I wasn't ever coming back? But, see who I have brought with me! My friend, the big sea turtle, has agreed to take you to a place where you can find stories!" Then as Manz gazed at the water, the great sea turtle lifted himself out of the ocean.

"Climb onto my back and hold onto my shell," said the sea turtle in his deep voice. "I'll carry you to the Land of the Spirit People."

So Manz caught hold of his shell, and down they went into the depths of the sea. As they journeyed deeper and deeper into the ocean, Manz's eyes grew rounder and rounder. Everything was so amazing and beautiful, quite unlike the sights she had seen on the face of the earth.

Finally they came to the bottom of the ocean where the Spirit People dwell. The sea turtle took her straight to the thrones of the King and Queen. Manzandaba looked at them in awe. They sat on such magnificent thrones and their faces shone with such a light that she



"What do you wish of us, O woman from the dry lands?" they asked kindly.

"Do you have stories that I could take to my people?" she asked rather shyly.

"Yes," they said, "we have many stories. But what will you give us in exchange for those stories, Manzandaba?"

"What would you like?" Manzandaba asked.

"What we would really like," they said, "is a picture of your home and your people. We can never go to the dry lands, but it would be so nice to see those places. Can you bring us a picture, Manzandaba?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "I can do that! Thank you, thank you! My husband can carve the most beautiful pictures. He will surely carve a lovely one for you."

So Manzandaba climbed back onto the turtle's shell, and he took her back to the shore. She thanked him politely and asked him to return at the next full moon to collect her and the picture.

Then Manz went home and got Zenzele to carve her a beautiful picture which showed the forest and the river and all the animals and birds on the face of the Earth. The picture also had the village and all the people in it. Zenzele carved them doing all the things

When they saw the picture, the King and Queen of the Spirit People were so happy!

And then they turned to Manzandaba herself. "For you and your people," they said, "we give the gift of stories." And they handed her the largest and most beautiful shell she had ever seen. "Whenever you want a story," they said, "just hold this shell to your ear and you will have your tale!"

When Manz got back to her village, all the people clamoured, "Tell us a story, Manzandaba! Tell us a story!"

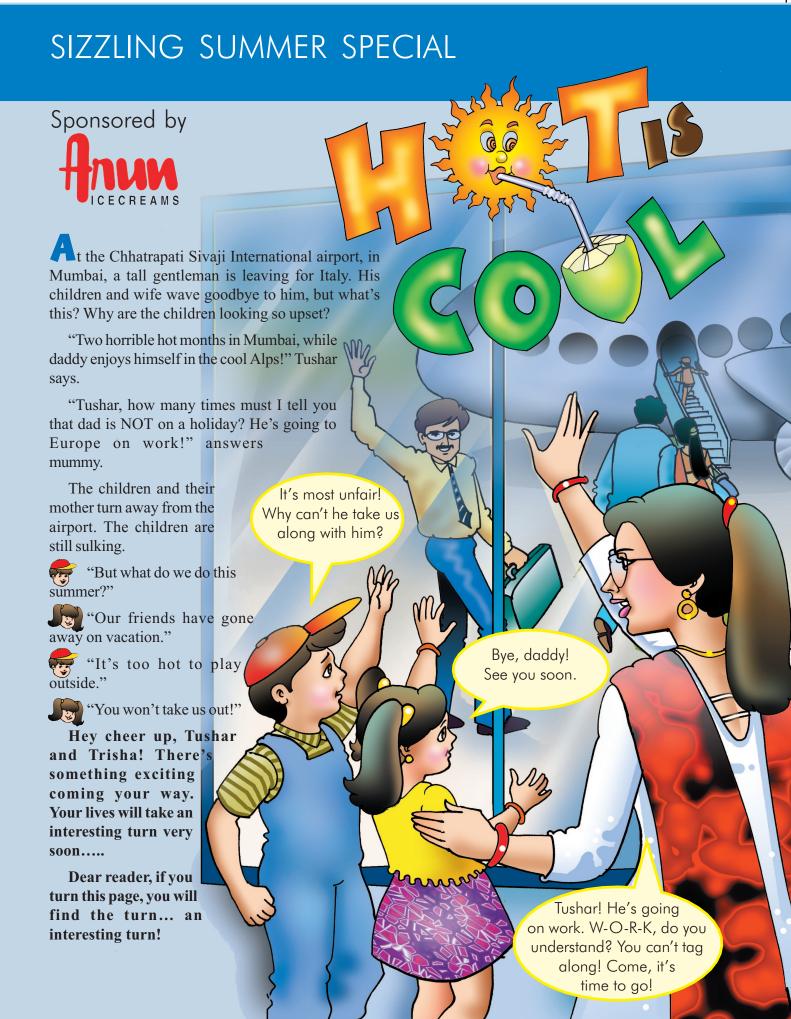
So she sat down, as everyone gathered around the fire, put the shell to her ear, and began, "Once upon a time...."

And that is how stories came to be!

- Retold by Uma Raman



May 2002 22





friends or family. Arun Ice cream has over 70 varieties of delicious lipsmacking ice creams. Just chill out !!



Summer had set in and holidays had begun. Dad was away in Europe. Mom was busy as usual. Nothing ever seemed to make a difference to her routine. Tushar and Trisha were terribly bored. It was too hot to spend the day outdoors. Groan, moan.

"Oh so hot! Oh how boring! Oh how terrible!" mumbled the two children as they huffed and puffed and sighed loudly. How long could they possibly watch television, or play online games on their computer?

India was boring and summer was boring and life was boring.

"Boring, boring! You seem to find everything boring!" protested their mother as she heard that word for the twentieth time in two hours since morning. "Why can't you do something? Read books?"

She dragged them to the bookshelf and handed them a book. It was an anthology of poems called *Classical Indian Poems*. The children had not



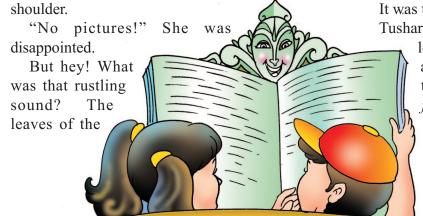
cruel could she get? Tushar took the book with a groan and plonked down on a settee – because he could think of nothing else to do. Trisha perched on the arm of the settee and pored over his

pages seemed to flip by themselves. And then they heard a voice. "So what?" the voice sounded irritated. "This is an interesting book. Have you seen a cobra sheltering a frog?"

It was the book talking, gosh!

Tushar and Trisha chorused, "No, indeed!" "Well, look here, then!" said the mysterious voice again! The pages turned by themselves and then came to rest at a poem called *Excerpts from Ritusamhara*, *Kalidasa's brilliant classic*.

"Bor...." began Trisha, but the mysterious voice said crisply, "Keep quiet, little girl! Now, you boy, read this aloud!"





Tushar read aloud:

The summer season

"The sun's scorching rays Make the snake pant As he fades off to sleep Beside the fatigued peacock!"

Hi, pals! Brighten up this picture by adding

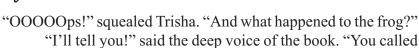
your favourite

colours.

"I feel like that snake!" exclaimed Trisha as she settled down, her interest kindled. Tushar cleared his voice grandly. He had got into the act. He skipped some stanzas and then read...

"The frog leaps hastily out Of the boiling muddy pool! He lands in the shelter

Of the snake's umbrella-hood!"



me boring, didn't you?" It sounded hurt. "India is boring, is it, summer is terrible, is it? Well, now you know! You can see beauty in everything, if only you know how to look for it. Learn from Kalidasa. Learn to appreciate the best things of summer!"

> "What are the best things of summer?" asked Trisha, humbly.

"You tell me!" ordered the book.

"Air-conditioners, cool drinks...icecreams..."

"Pooh!" the book nearly screamed. "Those are okay, but remember, people lived, and happily, before these things were invented!"

"How?" asked Tushar. "You must admit that summers are terrible without airconditioners and cool drinks..."

Then the voice asked again. "Would you like to see how people in your country have been coping with the summer season?"

"Yes, of course!" Tushar and Trisha were excited.

said the book. And

"Come along, then!"

suddenly a breeze blew and the book swirled up. The children, who were still holding the book, squealed in excitement and surprise, to find themselves sailing out of the window.

Off, off they flew, sailing towards the clouds and beyond. They were so busy keeping the wind out of their hair and eyes that they couldn't even ask where they were going.



And when they landed with a thud and a bump, it was in the midst ofwhere were they? "We've come to a very hot part of Madhya Pradesh and we are in 1672," announced the book. Tushar shouted, "We are time travellers, are we?"

"Mummy!" screamed Trisha in alarm. "I want my mummy. Take me to my mummy. I don't want to time-travel!"

"Your mummy isn't born yet," said the book, with a laugh. "Nor is your grandmummy or her great grand mummy. So shut up and listen to me!"

Trisha subsided with a frightened sniff.

"Oof, how hot it is!" said Tushar. The sun was blazing down mercilessly and the glare was blinding.

The book said, "This is Orchha, now being ruled by King Madhukar Shah of the Bundela dynasty."

They were walking along a dusty avenue and they suddenly came upon a beautiful palace.

"This is Rai Parveen's palace," said the book.

"Who is Rai Parveen?" asked Trisha, trying to shield her head with her small hanky.

"She is a very rich, beautiful, and intelligent woman of Madhukar Shah's time. And a brilliant poetess, too. It is said that Emperor Akbar had a crush on her!"

By then they had reached the palace gardens. There were octagonal flowerbeds in the garden and all around were fountains that sprayed cool water.

"Ahh, this is better," said the children as they splashed some water on their faces. There were guards with fierce looking moustaches walking up and down, and Trisha clutched her brother's hand tightly. "Suppose they see us..?"

"They won't," assured the book. "Time travellers are invisible. Didn't you know that?"

"N..no," said Trisha, feeling very small and foolish.

Rana Jagat Singh of Mewar built the famous Lake Palace in Udaipur, Rajasthan, in pure white, cool marble. This palace is in the middle of a breezy lake and, naturally, cool!

The book took them to the palace window. "Look at this palace.

It is low in height but double-storeyed. The lower storey, which is below the ground, remains cool as the heat is taken up by the upper storey.

And all around the palace are fountains. They too help in keeping the rooms cool."

The underground apartment called Phool Bagh at Rai Parveen's palace was unique. Here, the garden above the apartment had rows of fountains, whose water would seep into the apartment below like raindrops!



"Now come, I'll take you to another royal garden!" said the book and they flew off again.

This time they landed beside a tree and watched a tall, lean man bending over a bushy plant in a well-laid out garden.

Behind him were other people and squatting on the ground in front was a gardener. "Ssh,

in awe at the tall, lean man, while the book swung from the branch of a tree.

that's Babur!" said the book and the children gazed

Babur sent away the men behind him and began walking towards them. He stood under the tree behind which the children were hidden. "He looks like a real emperor!" said Trisha. "He is one, silly!" said Tushar. "Sss..h!" said the book and in the force it fell down with a thud and the Emperor looked up startled.

"God is great! What is this? A book?" he said as the book dusted itself. He picked it up. "Thank you, Your Honour," said the book with a deep bow, much to his surprise. "I have brought two young guests for you!" The book introduced the children with a wave of its wrapper... and lo, the children were visible suddenly.

"Greetings to you! How strangely you are dressed," said the Emperor as he looked at them. "And what have you done to your hair?" he asked Trisha, aghast. The children just gaped.

It was Trisha who recovered first. "I'm Trisha and this is my brother, Tushar," she gushed. "Can we ask you a few questions, your majesty?"

"Be kind enough to ask!" said Babur. "God willing, I shall have the answers!" He sat under the shade of the tree and invited them to sit, too.

"Your majesty, isn't the Indian summer terrible? Is it cooler in Afghanistan where you come from?" asked Trisha.

Babur said, "Summers are hot in Afghanistan too, you beautiful girl with the funny hair! What is

strange is that Hindustan has only three seasons, unlike other places where they have four. There are four months of summer, four months of rain, and four months of winter!"

"Do you like India, sir?" asked Tushar.

"God save me for being honest!" said Babur. "Hindustan is a country of few charms. It lacks most of the good things we were used to, like good horses, grapes, melons, hot baths, parks, colleges, and good bread. Everything is different once you cross the river Sind: the land, people, culture, customs, and trees. Beyond Kashmir, there are only

hordes of people!"

0000

wanny

Oh no! I had brought them here from my land and planted them. But maybe they don't suit this soil, because they are not as tasty here as they were over there!

"What summer fruit do you like the most, your majesty?" asked Tushar. "The mango!" came the answer. "This unique fruit of Hindustan is very tasty. Mostly it is plucked when raw and then ripened in the house. We preserve the unripe ones in syrup, usually honey. I've seen some interesting and funny ways of eating mangoes. Some varieties are eaten by making a hole in the fruit, squeezing it and sucking the pulp!"

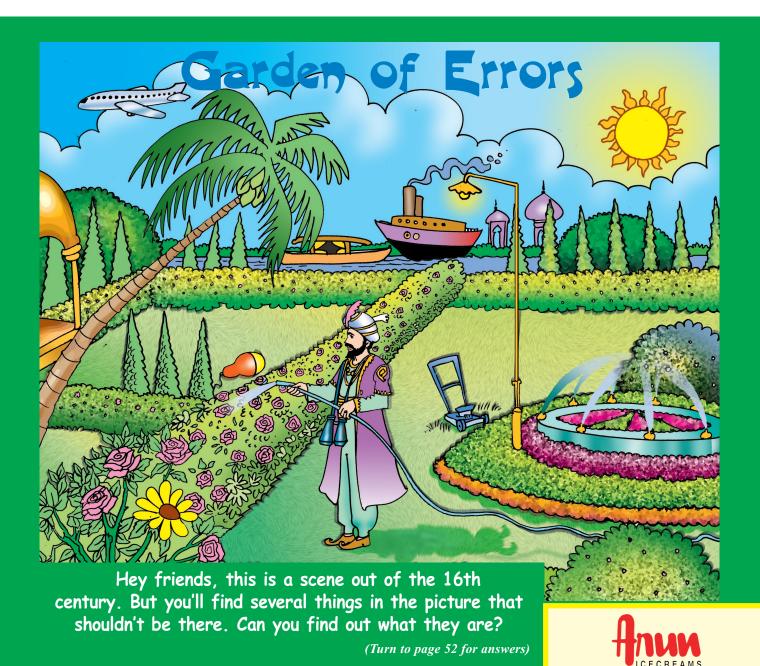
Trisha asked, "Don't you want to run away from India during the summer?"

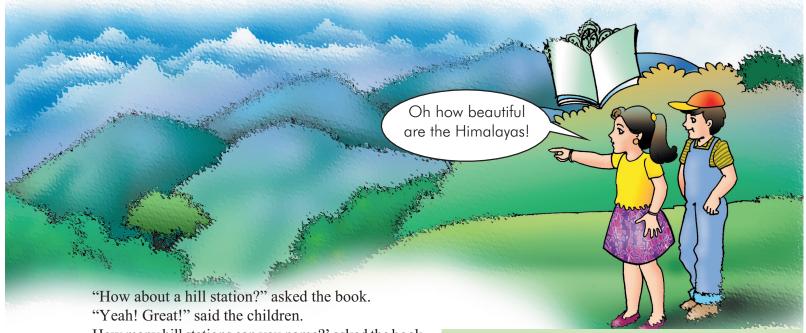
"Young girl, Babur will not run away merely because he sweats!" declared the Emperor.

"I'm having many gardens laid here and in beautiful Kashmir, with fountains to help us keep cool....Young girl, I think it's time you went back to your *zenana*. I've some important work to attend

to. God be with you!" And he walked away.

"I shall tell my friends at school that I met Babur," said Trisha excitedly. "They'll say you're mad!" commented Tushar. The book had been lying quiet and subdued all along. "Pardon my clumsiness," it said in a depressed tone. "I shouldn't have fallen like that." "That's okay, cool, cool!" said Tushar and Trisha. "Where are we off to next?"





How many hill stations can you name?' asked the book. The children counted: "Simla, Dehra Dun, Mussoorie, Ranikhet, Ooty, Mahabaleshwar, Darjeeling....."

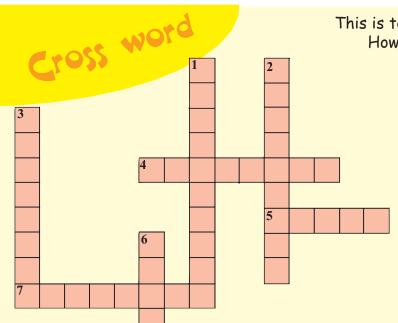
"Come, let's go to Naini Tal," said the book. And whoosh, they were there!

"Naini Tal was one of the many hill stations that was built by the British," explained the book as they trekked down the hilly slopes of the beautiful place. They passed several Englishmen, and children riding ponies. "Where are we?" asked Tushar. "I mean, when are we?"

"Oh that?" said the book casually. "This is 1847!"
"Did you know that it was the British who built the hill stations in India? They could not stand our tropical climate. Many fell ill and many others died of diseases. So they began to retreat to the hilltops for the summer. The cool hilltops were so much like the English weather that they felt at home there."

The British and the summer

- * British officers of standing used *punkahs* in their homes and offices to keep cool in summer. The punkahs were rectangular pieces of cloth that were hung from the ceiling. They were fixed to ropes that ran through holes in the ceiling and down to the other side of the wall, where the punkahwallahs would sweat themselves out by pulling at the ropes to keep their masters cool.
- ★ When the British travelled by train they travelled in first class coupes cooled by blocks of ice.
- ★ They wore a hat made of vegetable fibre called pith or sola. Sometimes a turban was wrapped around the hat.



This is to see how well you know our hill-stations. How many of these clues can you crack?

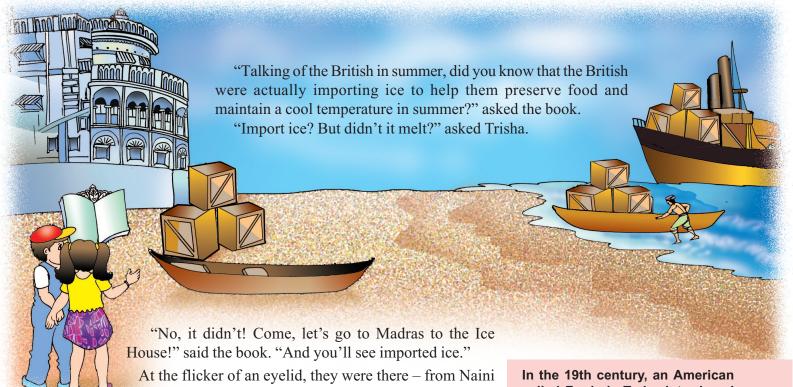
Down

- 1. The hill station in south India founded by Americans and NOT the British.
- 2. This place in north India derives its name from that of a Viceroy.
- The hill station closest to Mumbai, near the Western Ghats.
- 6. "The Queen of hill stations".

Across

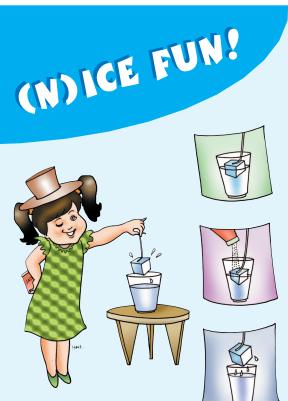
- 4. The capital of a north-eastern State that was formed in 1971.
- 5. The summer capital of India during the British Raj.
- 7. The only hill station with a natural lake.

(Turn to page 52 for answers)



They were on the Ice House Road in Triplicane in Madras. This was just opposite the gorgeous Marina Beach. The children and the book stood outside the Ice House watching ice blocks being carried in. "Ice is not made in Madras yet. We're in the 1850s now!" explained the book. "And it's so hot here right through the year, that the British simply could not do without ice. So they built this ice house to store ice that is imported from the USA. Ships from New England bring blocks of ice to the Bay of Bengal, and smaller boats carry them up the beach to the Ice House."

In the 19th century, an American called Frederic Tudor introduced the practice of transporting ice from a cold country to a hot one. In 1833, the first blocks of ice arrived in Madras (now Chennai) from Tudor's Company packed in sawdust and carried by a ship called *Tuscany*. About two-thirds of the ice that had been loaded was intact on arrival!



Tal to Madras!

Bring out the magician in you! Here Trisha teaches you a groovy trick done with icecubes that will have your friends gaping in wonder.

Fill about two-thirds of a glass with water and drop an ice cube into it. Take a piece of string that is not too thick. You may claim that you can hold up the ice cube using the string, without tying the string around it! Seems impossible? Well, not if you follow these simple steps!

Dip the string into the glass of water such that the end of the string touches the top of the cube. Ask your friends to close their eyes while you count from one to ten. While their eyes are closed, sprinkle lots of salt on the area where the ice and string touch each other. The salt will slowly make the string and ice cube stick to each other. And when your friends open their eyes, gently pull the string up, and—wonder of wonders - the string will be seen lifting the ice cube! And

don't let your friends know about your salty secret, okay?



Move over! You're in my way.

You move over, you old fashioned ugly thing.

You sniff at the tit of the tit of

Just outside the Ice House, a block of ice and a pot of water were having a dispute. "I'm modern and everyone wants me. You push off!" shouted the ice. "Shan't!" said the pot. "Stop, stop, don't fight!" said Trisha. "Ice, you will very soon melt and really should not be so arrogant."

"Yes, the pot has been around for ages now! How dare you sniff at it?" asked Tushar. The ice block was so mortified at

this that it soon melted away into a pool

of water. The book hurried out of the way of the pool: "I'm too young to get soggy!"

"He thinks one can't manage the summer without him. But we've done that for centuries, haven't we?" asked the pot to the

book and the book nodded wisely.

"Is that so? Tell us some more, dear pot!" begged Trisha. "Well, let's go down to my house and discuss this further!" said the pot and rolled off down the road. The book and the kids followed him through lanes and bylanes till they reached a thatched hut.

"Yes," said the pot. "Our people have perfected the art of making the most of a bad weather. The houses here in South India have this central courtyard that is open to the sky. It lets in cool air and lets out hot air. It helps in the ventilation. In the eastern parts of India, the ceilings of houses have always been high. This allows the hot air in the house to rise and make way for breeze coming in through the windows and doors."





Hey folks! How about getting a little artistic?

You need:

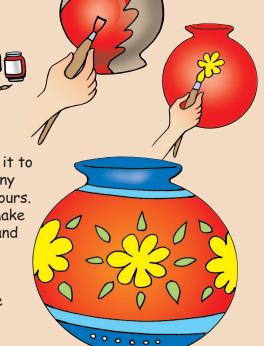
A medium sized mud pot Flat, 3 or 5 point painting brushes

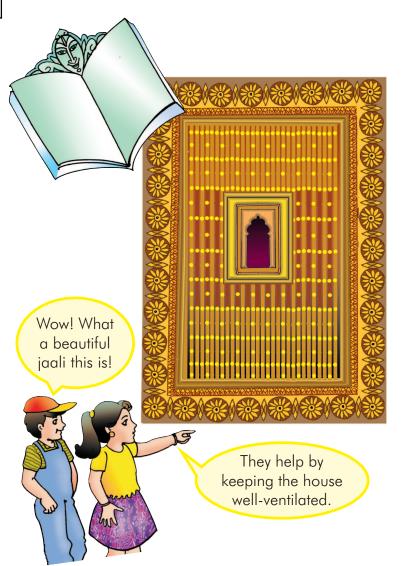
Fabric colours - red, blue, yellow, green, white, and black

First paint the surface of the pot red with the flat brush. Allow it to dry for some time. Then draw the design of a flower, leaves or any other design with a pencil and then paint it with appropriate colours. Use point 3 or 5 brushes for painting the designs. You can also make the pot more attractive by giving a black outline to the flowers and leaves.

Let loose your imagination and try out creative designs.

And you now have an attractive and eco-friendly pot to decorate your room!





Many areas of Jodhpur, like Brahpur, have houses painted blue or white on the outside. These colours reflect the heat and light, and keep the interiors cool.

"Any idea what they do in Rajasthan and Gujarat during summer?" asked the book. "Summer in these parts is very hot. The temperature rises to 48-52° C! The men wear long turbans coiled around their heads that deflect the heat. The women wear wide flared skirts and open backed *cholis* made of thick cotton which helps air movement inside their garments."

"The houses in the desert regions are unique, too. They have thick walls of stone that keep out the heat. Then, instead of many doors and windows, they have small open ventilators high up in the walls with *jaalis* or lattice screens. This helps in keeping the glare to a minimum and regulating the flow of air. Inside the houses are large open courtyards. As the air got heated up and rose in these courtyards, a vacuum would be created and cooler air from outside would rush in through the *jaalis* and balconies to fill up the vacuum. Thus the house would be a mesh of air currents that would keep it cool in the hot weather," explained the book.

Step by step to water

All over Gujarat are exquisitely sculpted step wells, which were dug especially for the use of the travelling kings and queens. The wells are often at a depth of 30 metres below the ground and flights of steps lead to the water. The steps lead the travellers into several subterranean storeys with beautifully carved pillars and cool chambers where they can take rest before resuming their journey. The grandest of these step wells is the Adalaj Vav built in the 15th century by Vairasimha Vaghela.



"What about water to drink? Do they find enough water in the desert?" asked Trisha, who was beginning to feel thirsty herself. "There are many kinds of watering holes in Gujarat and Rajasthan: lakes, tanks, reservoirs, garden pools, wells, and step wells called baolies," answered the pot.

In some parts of India, people keep rows of earthen pots filled with water on their roofs. These help to absorb the heat and prevent its radiation into the house.



"Pot! I'm thirsty! Can you get me some cold water?" asked Trisha. "Me, too," said the book, whose voice was cracked with non-stop talking.

"Here, let me get you some *panagam*!" said the pot. Trisha loved the *panagam*. And the pot explained: "This is a popular cooling drink down in Tamil Nadu made by adding lime, jaggery, ginger, and cardomom powder to water!"

"And we have such a variety of traditional drinks all over the country!" the book took up the talk after downing a few glasses of *panagam*.

"Lassi is churned curds with sugar! Neer moru is thin buttermilk which is salted and spiced and popular in Tamil Nadu. Thandai is milk spiced with poppy seeds and cardamom."

"Gosh! So many summer drinks?" Tushar was surprised. "Heh, I haven't finished," grinned the book. "*Baflo* is a drink made of raw mango and is popular in Gujarat.

In Bengal people drink the juice of the Bilwa or Bel fruit which is very cooling. *Gur ka sherbet* is a blend of jaggery

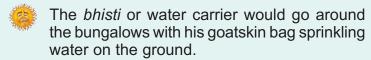


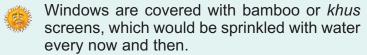
and curds and sometimes of jaggery and lime juice and is popular all over the country."

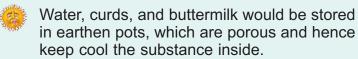
"Well, if they're all as tasty as *panagam*, I wouldn't mind trying all those recipes out this summer!" declared Trisha.

"Are there any other summertime favourites?" Tushar asked the pot.

Traditional methods of cooling







Some people apply castor oil on their heads, and others apply coconut oil on their heads and follow it with a head bath every few days.

Gulkhand, a sweet preparation with rose petals and honey, is eaten as a coolant.

The diet includes tender coconut, fruits, and vegetables rich in water content, like cucumber, watermelons, various berries, and citrus fruits.

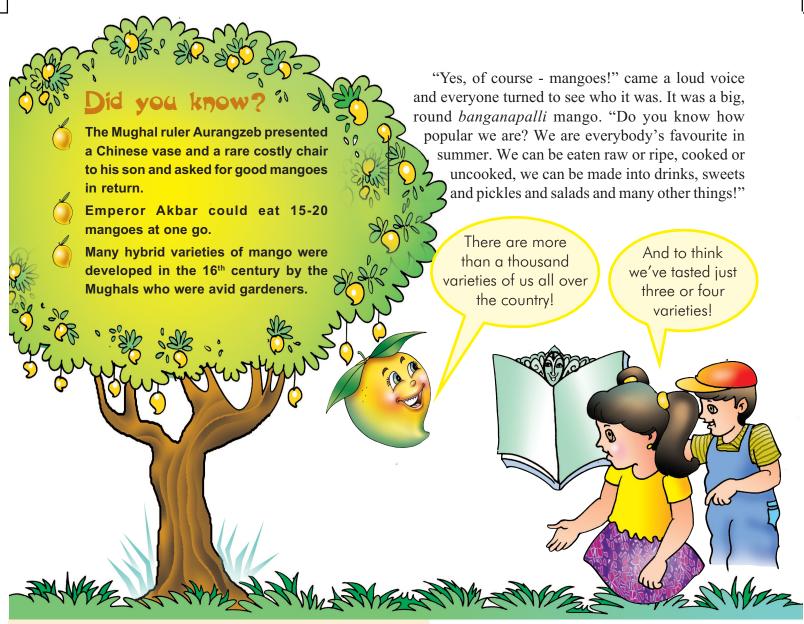
Sandalwood paste would be applied on the body to prevent or as a cure for prickly heat.

Fruit Treat!

This will show how 'fruit'ful your learning has been. Pick out the fruits - some grown on hills, some on plains - hidden here that can be found in the market in summer.

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Α	Е	M	Α	Ν	G	0	K	С	J

(Turn to page 52 for answers)



Mango Quiz

You love to eat mangoes, don't you? This quiz tests your knowledge of the different varieties of mangoes. The answers to the questions are right below the questions. Only, they are all jumbled up. Can you unscramble them?

1. This is believed to be the costliest variety in India: OLANSOF

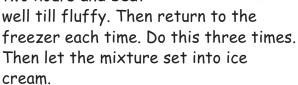
- 2. This mango is very famous in South India: GAMOLA
- The most commonly available variety of mango in Bihar is: IHUDSRE
- 4. This species is very popular in Andhra Pradesh: PGABNALANIAL
- 5. This variety is a speciality of West Bengal : BULAG SKAH

(Turn to page 52 for answers)

Mango kulfi

Mix 1 large cup of ripe mango puree with 1 tin of condensed sweetened milk and blend well. Pour into an ice tray and freeze.

Take it out once in two hours and beat



AND FREAK OUT!



'Okay, guys! I'm hoarse and tired. Can't talk any more. I need rest and lots of it!" said the book and it sure looked ragged and tired. "I'm going to curl up for a nap and you guys can do what you will!"

"Oh, how boring!" said Trisha. "What shall we do, Tushar?"

The pot was quick with a reply. "Why don't you two play some games?" The two children were stunned. Play games in this sweltering heat. Surely the sun had made the pot mad. How on earth could one go out for a game at this time of the day? But the pot guessed what ran in their mind. "You need not go out to play a game, you know. There are plenty of games you can play indoors and they are great fun, too! Here's one that we traditionally play in the Tamil country. It's called *pallanguzhi*. Want to try this?"

Tushar and Trisha sat down, with a look of interest. "Do teach us the game!" begged Trisha. "Just now!" The pot opened a shelf and pulled something out. It was a long wooden *pallanguzhi* board shaped like a fish. "Now this is what you do!" it began...

"Pallanguzhi is played on a wooden block with several round hollows, and cowrie shells. It is at least a few thousand years old, and popular all over the world. But it may be known by slight variations in the play methods and rules. It is the Tushar! I'll win perfect game for a friendly twosome like you!" said the this game. pot and settled next to Tushar and Trisha.

"In India, the wooden block takes the shape that fancies the

Among the many gifts that a girl of Tamil Nadu received from her parents, at the time of her marriage, was definitely a pallanguzhi.



Not yet, Trisha. The game isn't over.

How to play pallanguzhi

Hey

The first player picks up the counters from one of his circles and moves clockwise putting one in each circle. When the counters are all used up, he picks up the counters from the next circle no matter whose it is. After placing the last of the counters, if he finds the next circle empty, the player reaps a bonanza by picking up the counters from the circle next to it. If the circle next to the empty circle is also empty, he retires without any rewards. Now it's the next player's turn to pick up the counters from any one of his hollows and play the game, just like the first player.

When the counters are placed afresh in the empty circles and their total reaches four, the owner of the circle can reap them. The first lap of the game ends when either of the two players finds no more counters to be picked up to play from any of his circles. The game is played in many laps until one of the players has not reaped enough counters to fill at least one of his circles. carpenter's imagination: a fish, treasure chest, bird, etc."

"If you can't find a pallanguzhi board and cowrie shells at home, don't worry. You can substitute them with a chart paper with circles drawn on it, and rajma or any big-sized beans. Divide the chart paper into two exact halves and draw seven circles on each half. Fill all the circles except the middle ones on each side with six counters each. Fill those middle circles with only one counter. Here is one way of playing the game." The pot then taught Trisha and Tushar the rules of the game and how to play it.

Chandamama

At last the book woke up, looking ever so fresh. "Hey, what have you guys been doing so long? Didn't you sleep?"

"Gosh, no. We've enjoyed ourselves playing this exciting indoor game!" said Trisha. "I won most of them. She lost mostly," said Tushar in excitement.

The book turned to look at him. "Oh my god! You're drenched all through, little boy!" it exclaimed.

"In summer you should wear only cotton clothes that are loose-fitting," advised the book. "These help absorb the sweat and you'll feel a lot more comfortable. But your dress is of some synthetic fabric and it looks pretty thick. Such fabrics don't absorb sweat and they do not allow the passage of air to your body from outside. No wonder you feel hot!"

"Oh!" said Tushar. "No one told me that."

"And in summer you should wear only whites!" chipped in Trisha. "Our physics teacher said whites reflect light and

heat, and dark colours absorb light and heat. So in dark-coloured clothes, you feel hotter in summer."

"Not just whites," corrected the book. "All light shades keep you cool in summer."

Did you take
a bath or
something?

I guess I've
been perspiring a
lot! This Madras is
so..ooo humid!

It's those
layers of synthetic
fabric you are
wearing.

And what are you going to do at home this summer?

00

Well, I shall
try making some of
those traditional drinks
and mango kulfi!

"Each state, why every region in India, has its own variety of cotton with its own unique, easily identifiable traditional designs and colours," said the book. "Bengal has its cool, light shades and soft fabric - there's

Dhanekali and Tangail; there are a variety of cotton weaves from Andhra Pradesh:
Gadwal, Venkatagiri, Pochampalli, Mangalagiri... similarly with Tamil Nadu; there's Kota from Rajasthan and the Pune saris of Maharashtra... these are named usually after the places where they are woven."

"I didn't know there was so much variety in Indian cotton material!" said Tushar.

"Well, now you know! Come. Time to go home!" said the book. The trio took to the air, waving goodbye to the pot. They were back home in a jiffy!

And I shall buy a pot to store water in and cool our floor and the balcony by sprinkling water in the evenings!

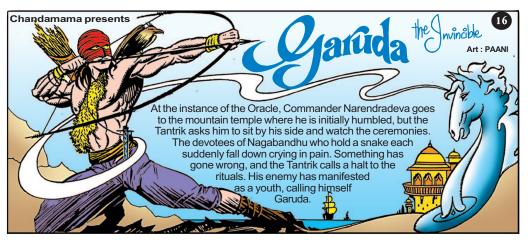
"Thank you, dear book. But for you, we wouldn't have learnt so much about India and summer," the children said to the book and put it back on the shelf. And never again that vacation did Tushar and Trisha complain about the hot Indian summer.

Tushar and Trisha had learnt the art of keeping cool— the Indian way!

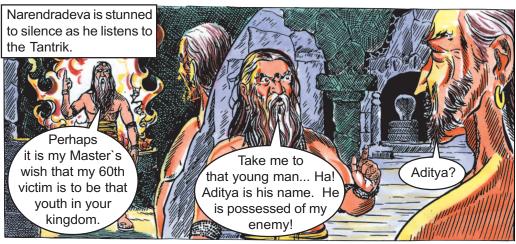
CONCEPT & TEXT: SUMATHI SUDHAKAR
RESEARCH: KARKUZHALI SRIDHAR, VIDHYA RAJ
ART: MAHE... LAY-OUT: R. SUDHA, DESIGN: HARI KUMAR











Golden words

Peaceful be heaven, peaceful the earth,

Peaceful the broad space between,

Peaceful for us be the running waters,

Peaceful the plants and herbs!

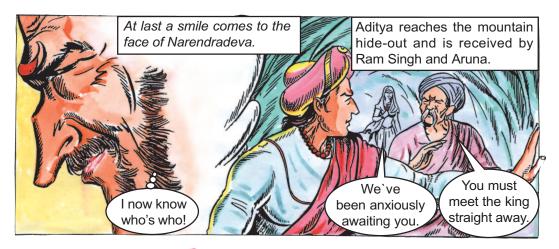
Peaceful to us be the signs of the future,

Peaceful what is done and undone,

Peaceful to us be what is and what will be,

May all to us be gracious!

-Atharva Veda



Golden words

Those who see truth and speak truth,

Their bodies and minds become truthful.

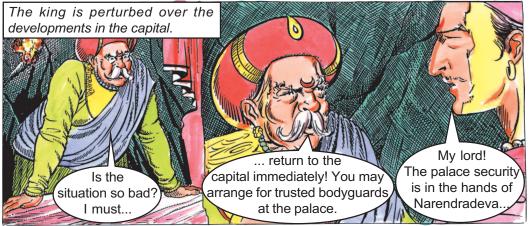
Truth is their evidence,

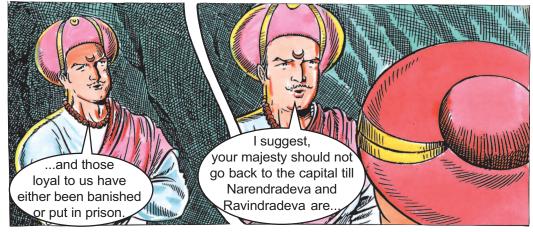
Truth is their instruction,

True is the praise of the truthful.

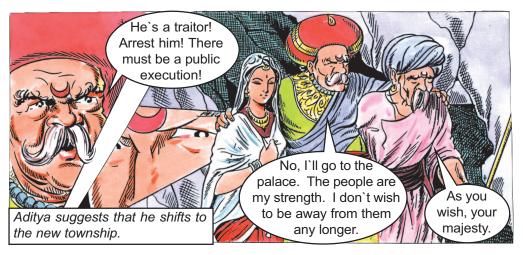
Those who have forgotten truth cry in agony and weep while departing.

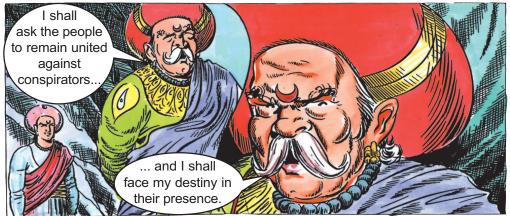
- Adi Granth

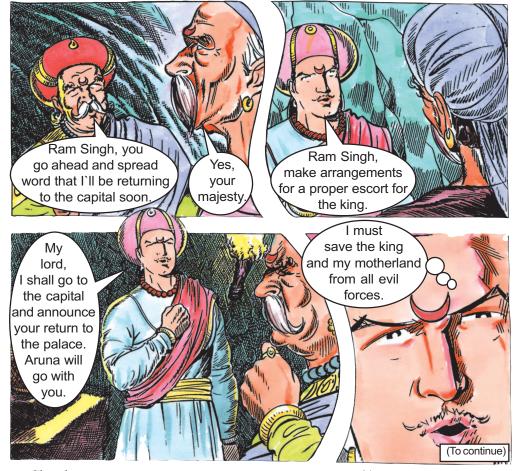








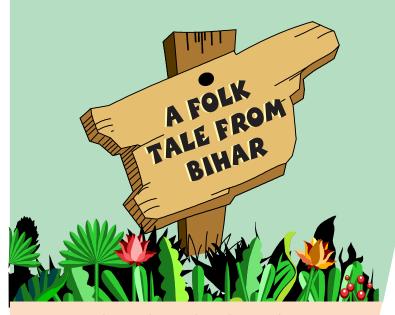




Golden words

The ignorant work for their own profit, the wise work for the welfare of the world, without a thought to themselves. By abstaining from work you will confuse the ignorant, who are engrossed in their actions. Perform all work carefully, guided by compassion.

- Bhagavad Gita



Bihar is located in the north-eastern part of our country. The State derives its name from the word 'Vihara', which means Buddhist monastery. Many centuries ago, Bihar was an important centre of Buddhism. Gautama Buddha, the founder of the religion, who was born in Lumbini, got enlightenment at Bodhgaya, where he also attained nirvana. Another important seat of religion and learning was Pataliputra, the capital city of Emperor Asoka. Today, this city is known as Patna and is the capital of Bihar.

With an area of 94,163.00 sq. km, Bihar is the ninth largest State of India. Ιt has population of 82, 878,796, and is the second most populated State. It is bounded on the north by Nepal, west by Uttar Pradesh, east by West Bengal, and south by the new State of Jharkhand. The official language of Bihar is Hindi. Many dialects of Hindi are spoken here, the more important among them being Bhojpuri and Mythili.

BALWAN AND THE BEVAKOOF GHOUL

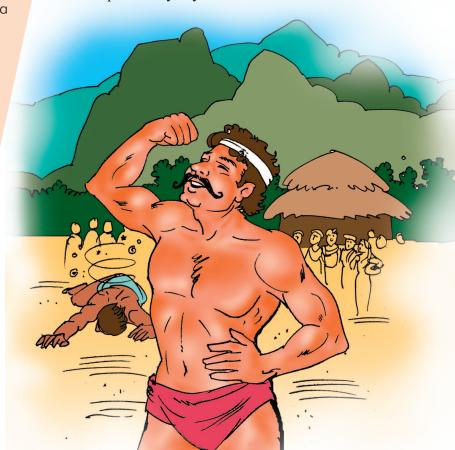
alwan, a strong and clever wrestler, lived in a village called Sitapur. He was the best wrestler in the entire district. No one in the neighbourhood could hope to beat him. Naturally, he became very boastful.

One day, when the villagers had gathered at the market place for a general *gupshup*, the talk turned on fears. Balwan boasted: "I'm not afraid of anything, not even of demons or ghosts."

The villagers soon got tired of his boasts. They asked him: "What about the ghouls? Can you face those that haunt the Valley of Paniganj?"

Balwan replied: "I vaguely remember the area. But I do not remember seeing any ghouls there."

An old man explained: "The Valley of Paniganj links the towns of Tanpur and Rampur. And the road is terrible. It is stony and jagged and goes through deep ravines and tunnels. At some places, boulders hang precariously from cliffs and they look as if they might roll down on passers-by any time."



"The roads and the boulders are not a problem. I can manage them easily," replied Balwan.

"But you haven't heard the full story. The danger in the valley is mainly from the supernatural, rather than the natural. The ghouls are terrible creatures that kill those who go there and feed on their flesh and blood. They also rob their victims of the valuables they carry," said a fruit-seller.

"And these ghouls can take any form they wish to, so you can't even guess they're ghouls!" explained a pot-seller.

Balwan then challenged them: "Oh! This is all gossip! I shall go to this Valley and wrestle with a ghoul. And I'll return with exact descriptions of a ghoul. I also plan to make a fool of the first ghoul I meet."

The very next day, Balwan left for the Valley. His neighbour, a *boodi aurat*, came up to him. "*Beta*," she said, putting a *teeka* on his forehead, "may God protect you. Here, keep this *andaa* and this *potli* of *namak*. This will help you in difficult times."

As soon as he reached the Valley, he heard a voice calling him by name: "*Arre* O Balwan! Nice to see you here. I'm your friend Gabbar. Come here and we'll chat for sometime."

Balwan was quick to guess it was a ghoul that was talking. He was on his guard immediately. He said, "*Kahan ho tum*, Gabbar? I can't see you."

The ghoul, for that was what he was, took the

to him immediately.

Balwan said, "Ah! Ghoul! There you are at last. So, you've taken the form of Gabbar, have you? You know why I'm here, na?"

form of Gabbar and came

The ghoul was surprised. He had never seen any human being address him like this. "How should I know why you are here?" replied the ghoul.

"Oh! You're a bevakoof ghoul, then. You cannot read a man's mind. You see I'm a champion

wrestler. I have killed cattle-gobbling crocodiles, and made a *bharta* of man-eating lions! Now I want to bash up some ghouls!" explained Balwan.

The ghoul looked at him from head to foot and said, "But you don't appear to be very strong."

Balwan replied, "Appearances can be very deceptive. Now look at yourself. You look like Gabbar

Nalanda University

The University of Nalanda was founded in the 5th century B.C. by the Gupta dynasty. It grew to be an important seat of learning. The courses of study included scriptures of Buddhism (both Mahayana and Hinayana schools), Vedas, Hetu Vidya (logic), Shabda Vidya (grammar), and

Chikitsa vidya (medicine). Thousands of students and teachers from far and wide flocked to the University. Perhaps the most famous student among them was the Chinese Buddhist traveller, Hsuan Tsang. It was also patronised by Emperor Harshavardhana and the kings of the Pala dynasty.



Chandamama

Handicrafts



but you're not. Now take this," he said, taking a piece of rock from the ground. "This may look dry. But

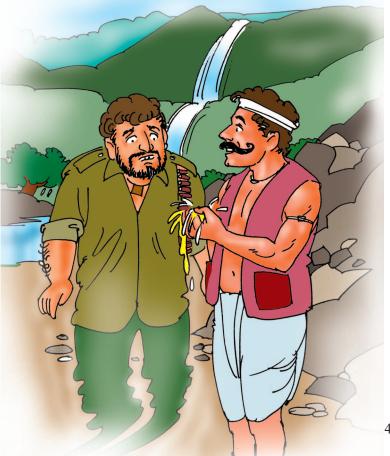
The ghoul took the stone and squeezed it hard, but nothing happened. He said, "Impossible!"

squeeze it and a liquid will run out."

Balwan exchanged the stone with the egg in his pocket, and the ghoul did not see it. He said, "Now look here. I'll press this stone and you'll see a liquid oozing from it."

He squashed the egg in his palm. The yoke and the white of the egg dripped through Balwan's fingers.

The ghoul saw the fluid. He was impressed.



The handicrafts of Bihar are very famous. A variety of materials like stone, wood, leather, metal, textiles, lacquer and glass are used in the handicrafts.

The most famous folk art form of Bihar is the Madhubani style of painting. This art form was traditionally practised by the women of the State, who drew pictures on the walls and courtyards of their houses. These paintings on religious themes are done using colours extracted from natural sources, like plants and stones.

Indeed he was so capivated that he did not notice Balwan take out some salt from his pocket.

Next Balwan picked up a pebble from the ground. "Can you crush this pebble and turn it into salt?" he said.

"Namumkeen," said the ghoul.

"What a shame that I considered you an equal and decided to wrestle with you," observed Balwan and put his two hands together, as if he were crushing the pebble. He discreetly dropped the pebble into his pocket, and showed the ghoul the salt grains in his palm. "Now taste this. Isn't it salt?" he asked.

The ghoul tasted it and was alarmed. 'This is no ordinary man,' he thought.

Balwan just then remarked: "I'd like to take you to my *gaon*. You see, my villagers haven't seen a ghoul. Can you come with me tomorrow?"

The ghoul thought, 'Let me take this fellow to my home and smash his head when he is sleeping.'

He told Balwan, "I know many ghouls who would be willing to come with you to your village. Please spend the night at my *gufa* and you may resume your journey tomorrow and take the ghouls along with you. Please accept my hospitality."

Balwan accepted his offer, "Don't try any of your funny tricks on me. Just as I can see salt in a pebble, I shall also see through your evil designs immediately."

The ghoul promised to behave himself and led Balwan to his house. The 'house' was a cave with many chambers overflowing with wealth plundered from many travellers. Balwan also found many bones and skulls there. He realised that these were leftovers from the ghouls' feasts on human flesh.

The ghoul put on his best behaviour. He offered

44 Chandamama

food to Balwan. The wrestler said: "I eat only once daily, and I ate that before I started on my journey. But to please you, I'll eat just a handful of *chawal*."

The ghoul said: "I'll fetch wood to make a fire to cook the rice. You take that bottle and fetch water from the fountain outside the cave."

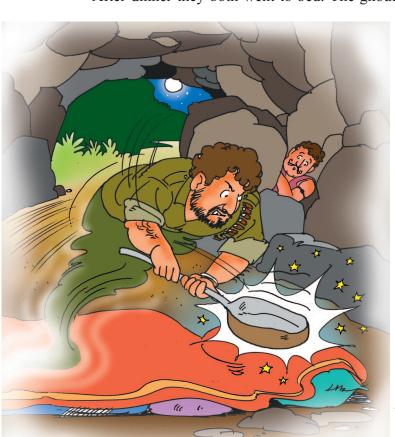
Balwan was not able to move the bottle. It was huge and made from the hide of many cows. He wondered, 'If I cannot lift it when it is empty, how can I lift it when it is full! I must think of some other way to bring water.'

He then started to make a tunnel from the fountain to the kitchen. That was how the ghoul found him, when he returned with wood. He shouted: "What're you doing? I had only asked you to bring water!"

"Oh, I can fetch water even in dozens of bottles. But I want to leave behind a permanent gift in appreciation of your hospitality. So, I'm digging this tunnel to bring water to your cave easily," answered the wrestler.

The ghoul was now disturbed. What would happen to his plan to kill the wrestler? He said, "Oh, thanks. But please don't trouble yourself any further. I'll finish it. You please go to bed immediately after dinner." Balwan suspected that the ghoul had some ulterior motive for saying this.

After dinner they both went to bed. The ghoul



fell asleep immediately. Balwan placed a pillow on his bed and covered it, and then hid himself, suspecting trouble.

At dawn, the ghoul woke up, went up to Balwan's bed and struck a terrible blow on it. He did not hear even a groan. To make sure the wrestler was dead, the ghoul hit the figure six more times. Then he returned to his bed.

Glossary

Gupshup: gossip

Boodi aurat: old woman

Beta: son

Teeka: vermilion mark

Andaa: egg

Potli of namak: bag of salt Kahan ho tum: where are

you?

Na: don't you? Bevakoof: stupid

Bharta: mashed vegetable

dish

Namumkeen: impossible

Gaon: village Gufa: cave Chawal: rice

Immediately,

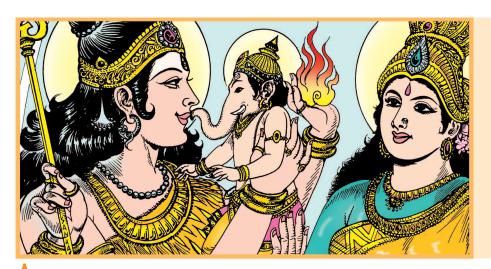
Balwan went back to his bed and said: "Friend, it looks like there are many bugs in your house. I was stung by seven of them just now!"

The ghoul was stunned. He had thought that the villager was dead and here he was, talking to him! And what's more, the man was referring to his blows as mere stings of a bug! 'If men have become like this, what will happen to us ghouls?' thought the ghoul and dashed out of the cave, howling in fear.

Balwan hired a few horses from Rampur and took all the wealth in the cave to his village. He gave some of it to the old lady, whose humble gifts of egg and salt had saved his life.

Balwan was then seen describing ghouls to his friends. But he never boasted again. He was grateful to God that he had come across only a foolish ghoul—a *bevakoof* of a ghoul!





The Story of Ganesa

After Ganapati was brought back to life and he had revealed his divinity, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and the innumerable Devas present at Kailas began paying their obeisance to him. When Parvati went forward to prostrate before him, Ganapati stopped her, saying "You're my mother."

Lord Siva approached him and said affectionately, "As you have incarnated as our son, we're truly blessed."

Ganapati said: "I'm your son and it is, therefore, my duty to pay obeisance to you!" He then prostrated in front of Siva and Parvati.

Ganapati now greeted Lord Vishnu, who blessed him: "May you become immortal!"

Lord Brahma embraced him and said: "You must take the blessings of the Divine Mothers."

So, Ganapati prostrated before Lakshmi and Saraswati, who took him in their laps and caressed him. They turned to Parvati. "All three of us have been born to the same mother, though we later took different forms as Lakshmi, consort of Vishnu, Saraswati, consort of Brahma, and

Parvati, consort of Siva. So, we have equal rights over Ganapati."

Lord Vishnu said, "My son, one day you'll take two wives - Siddhi and Buddhi. We're waiting for that auspicious and happy day."

"But there are a thousand hurdles to that," Ganapati protested. "That's why I'm known as Vighneswara, or the lord of hurdles."

"There may be a hundred thousand hurdles, O Ganapati!" interjected sage Narada. "But that would not prevent your marriage!"

"Then, tell me, why are *you* not married?" countered Ganapati.

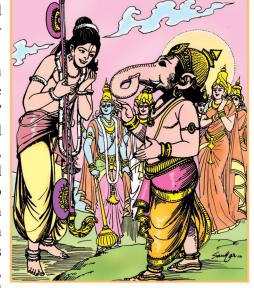
"Oh! That?" the sage explained. "That's because I'm incapable of managing a household! That's why I

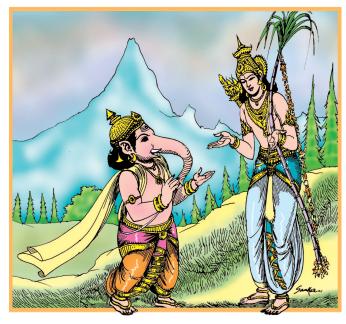
decided to remain a *muni*. Marriage and responsibility are symbols of manhood - of power and strength. Anyway, let's not go deep into this controversy but return to our respective abodes." He then left, strumming a song on his yeena.

Lord Brahma and Lord Vishnu, accompanied by their consorts, and the Devas also left Kailas and went back to their respective abodes.

Sage Narada went to call on Vajradanta, who was nursing his wounds that he sustained when

Ganapati hurtled him to the earth. He was then in the form of a rat—Mooshikasura. The demon's wife, Dhavala, was attending to his injuries. The sage, who always looked for opportunities to carry tales,





expressed his sympathies and said: "The one who had insulted you is now leading a life of glory as Vighneswara."

Vajradanta was stung with shame and anger when he heard this. "O Narada! Tell me how I can regain my prestige and status. Please advise me!" said the demon.

"Only diamond can cut diamond!" remarked Narada. "You must worship Lord Brahma and ask for a boon. Take revenge on Ganapati; that way you can retrieve your lost prestige."

Vajradanta accepted Narada's advice. Despite pleadings by his wife, he decided to take on Ganapati. "You are a blessed soul, Dhavala, and so no harm would come to me. I must propitiate Lord Brahma and take a boon from him."

The Lord was pleased with him. "What do you wish to have, Vajradanta?" asked Brahma.

"Please create Vighna for me and he should act according to my instructions."

Brahma then created Vighna and placed him in front of Vajradanta who, however, could not see him. So, the Lord gave more power to his eyes. Vajradanta could now see Vighna, who was as tiny as an insect.

Vajradanta again pleaded with Brahma. "How can Vighna do anything for me? He's so tiny!"

The Lord smiled at him. "That's the nature of Vighna. But he is capable of creating all sorts of

problems for people. He can create hurdles, make difficulties, even cause diseases. So, don't underestimate him with his size. Now, it is your job to make him do as you wish."

Vajradanta turned to Vighna and said: "You must assume the form of Gajasura and I want you to go and destroy Vighneswara."

Vighna immediately took the form of Gajasura and flew away like a huge mountain.

Meanwhile, Ganapati was on his way to Kailas, to stay in the palace built for Siva and Parvati by Viswakarma, the architect of the Devas. He met Kamadev on the way. Remembering the banter about his taking two wives, he cautioned the god of Love: "You need not play any trick of yours on me! Please keep aside your bow and arrows."

"O Gajanana! You're far above the reach of my arrows!" said Kamadev. "I'm on my way for an encounter with Tarakasura. I take leave of you, for the time being."

Ganapati sat at the entrance to the divine abode, enjoying the scenery around. Suddenly, there was a crashing sound. That was Vighna in the form of Gajasura. The demon fell from the skies in front of Ganapati. "Where's Ganapati?" he thundered. "I've come to destroy him!"

Ganapati threw his axe at him. It hit Gajasura on his leg which was cut into two. "I'm Vighna created by Lord Brahma, but I've been sent by Vajradanta to destroy you. Anyway, I've now received the punishment for my misadventure."

Ganapati took pity on him. "You may assume the form of a serpent and reside in river Kalindi. Krishna will one day stand on you and dance, when all your sins would be washed away. You'll carry the footprint of Krishna."

(To continue)



TENALI RAMA



Before Tenali Rama became a favourite with King Krishnadevaraya, he would often try to attend the king's court, but many a time the chief sentry and his deputy at the palace gate would not let him in. They even made unkind remarks about his appearance.



One day, the king and his courtiers were watching a dance performance. The king had ordered that no one be sent in to disturb him. Rama came to the court as usual. As he walked up to the palace gate, the sentries stopped him. They even pushed him down violently.



Rama got up as if nothing had happened. "How strong you both are! You must be rewarded for keeping such good physique," he said sarcastically. The chief sentry lamented. "Award? You're the one who is often rewarded by the king. Nobody even notices us."



"Don't worry. Let me in, and I'll share with you whatever the king gives me today," said Rama. "One half of it will be yours and your deputy can take the other half," he said to the chief sentry. The greedy sentries gleefully allowed Rama to go in.



On entering the court, Rama coolly climbed on to the stage and stood on his head. The danseuse shrieked in anger and stopped the performance. The king was furious. "Who's that fool? Take him away!" he thundered.



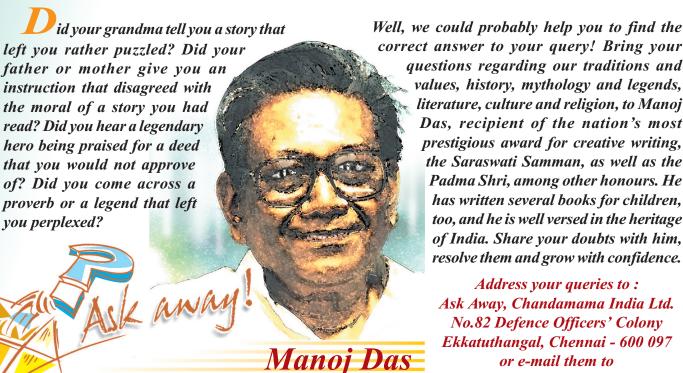
Rama got on to his feet, and said, "Your majesty, just as you would reward the dancer for her talent, won't you reward me for my act?" "Reward? Of course, you'll be rewarded," said the king and called to his men, "Give him a hundred lashes!"



"Thank you, my lord. I've promised to divide my reward between your chief sentry and his deputy!" said Rama. The king was puzzled. Rama went on to describe how he had been harassed by the sentries, and how he had to strike a deal that day to get in.



The two sentries were summoned and the king was only too generous in rewarding them. Clearly, the whipping exceeded more than what their deal with Rama could have got them. And never again was Rama stopped from entering the palace!



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> Address your queries to: Ask Away, Chandamama India Ltd. No.82 Defence Officers' Colony Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097 or e-mail them to askaway@chandamama.org.



Recently I read an article written by a foreign scholar, stating that the tales of the Panchatantra taught people how to be clever and successful in worldly life and not how to be wise and virtuous. Is this correct?

- Sudhir.B., Chennai

Literature in India had developed along two lines. The first line consisted of the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Itihasas or the Epics (the Ramayana and the Mahabharata) and the Puranas, in that order. These works contained spiritual wisdom, philosophy, and other higher knowledge.

The second line consisted of works such as the Brihat Katha (only a part of which is available to us as the Kathasaritsagara), the Jatakas, the Panchatantra and a number of other works. They are the folklore. We find in them stories of many kinds. They are as varied as life itself. They contain wisdom, wit, moral and ethical truths, as well as a lot of worldly prudence.

It is true that the *Panchatantra* tales teach us more about dealing with the practical problems of life than about virtues. We must remember the origin of the book. A king's three sons refused to learn anything in the usual way. A wise teacher, Vishnusharma, taught them diplomacy, politics, psychology and all such subjects which were a must for them. He taught them through stories. His purpose was not to teach them spirituality or any high philosophy.

But even then many of the Panchatantra tales contain such wisdom which is relevant to both spirituality and worldly life. Take the case of the young monkey who, without any reason, sat down on a huge felled tree and dislodged the wedge which separated the two halves of the wood. As a result, the two halves came together with great force and the monkey lost its tail that was lying in the gap between the two halves.

The moral (one should refrain from doing absolutely useless things) holds good for every walk of life—mundane or spiritual. Common sense is no less important than moral virtues.



In the story of Ekalavya in the Mahabharata, was it fair of Drona to have asked the former to sacrifice his thumb, because he did not wish anyone else to become a greater archer than Arjuna?

- Sudhanshu Das, Kolkata



The question requires a lengthy answer. However, in brief it is like this: we cannot appreciate any single episode in the epics without appreciating the total philosophical frame of the work and the spirit of the time. Thousands of years have passed, and it is not easy for us to understand the ideals and attitudes that governed the life of the ancients.

When we raise this question about Ekalavya, we rarely remember what happened before Drona met the young man. A dog came running to Drona and held up its dumb mouth towards him. To his horror, Drona saw that the creature's mouth had been sealed with seven arrows, a feat which he alone could impart. Who in the forest had learnt it and how? His enquiry revealed that Ekalavya had mastered such arts meditating on Drona. It was obvious that Ekalavya learnt complex principles of archery without learning the ethics that should go with the knowledge. That is why he did not hesitate to silence a poor dog, because it had barked at him. Even though to a modern mind Drona's conduct would appear cruel, he had his own reasons which were valid in the context of the time. He probably saved this disciple of his from playing havoc with his knowledge. In any case, the story has other values. It highlights Ekalavya's greatness so far as his devotion to his Guru was concerned. The event could not have found a place in the epic if not for this exemplary character of the young man.

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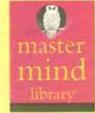


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Know Your Indi

Quiz.

The long wait, at last, is over and the holidays have started. You can forget school, classes, text-books, and note-books for the next 50 or 60 days. Many of you will go in search of 'a home away from home'. This month's quiz is devoted to places you might like to visit, if you haven't been there already. The quiz will at least enrich your knowledge of places and the people connected with them.

- 1. Gulbarga in Karnataka was once the capital of a kingdom. Would you know its name? Who founded the kingdom? When?
- 2. A channel separates two groups of islands. Name the channel as well as the islands.
- 3. A city in the east of India was referred to as Al-Kataka by that great traveller Ibn Batuta. What is its present name?
- 4. That famous writer Rudyard Kipling was born in an Indian city. Which city?
- 5. Shahjahanabad is the former name of a metropolitan city of India. Name the city.
- 6. Another metropolitan city was known as Alinagar. Which city is it?
- 7. The capital of the Pandya dynasty had a river flowing through it. Name the city as well as the river.
- 8. Rameswaram is not situated on the mainland: a stretch of water lies in between. Can you name it? (Answers next month)

Answers to April Quiz

- 1. 1980 Rome
- 2. Christian Medical College, Vellore
- 3. *In a free state*
- 4. Karachi (then in India)
- 5. Godavari
- A.B. Vajpayee

- The lion
- 8. Dakshin Gangotri
- 9. Begumpet in Hyderabad
- 10. Barren Island, in Andaman and

Nicobar group

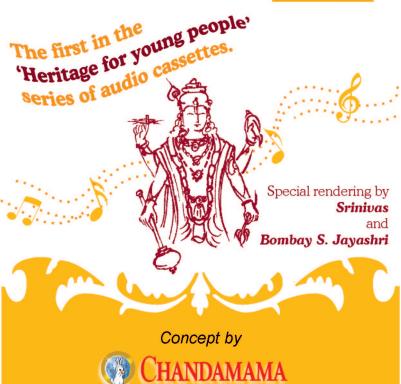
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ANSWERS TO SUMMER SPECIAL ACTIVITIES

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(Page 30)

Reader D.B. Indulkar of Mumbai wishes to know the meaning First, Hannibal, who was a Carthagenian General in the 3rd century B.C. He crossed the Mediterranean and invaded Italy but was Now, goose-step, which is a military term to describe the method of marching (resembling the way a goose walks), with knees held stiff and the sole of one's feet placed flat on the ground. When soldiers goose-step, they march with their legs lifted high and without bending their knees. The elephant's physiology does not permit the animal to attempt a goose-step! Could that be a reason ultimately defeated. His cavalry consisted mostly of elephants. of the expression 'Hannibal's elephant trying to learn goose-steps for Hannibal's defeat?

What is the difference between 'dress' and 'dress up'? asks Irene Ray of Kolkata. 龤

teacher, doctor, lawyer). When you have to attend a party, a sons in a girl's dress! Players in a drama necessarily have to 'dress invariably wear formal dress before they sit at dinner. On the dress at meal time. Invitation to fuctions would always state 'Dress in a boy's attire, though not many of them would like to see their up' according to the roles they enact (e.g., Arjuna, Akbar, school reception, or a ceremony, you have to 'dress' (not dress up) for the occasion. In English homes, the members of the family contrary, in Indian homes, the family members appear in informal We often see affectionate parents dressing up their little daughter nformal' or 'Formal dress' as the case may be.

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Margo Quiz

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(Page 35)

- 1. Alfonso
- 3. Dusheri 2. Malgoa
- 4. Banganapalli
 - 5. Gulab Khas

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(Page 34)

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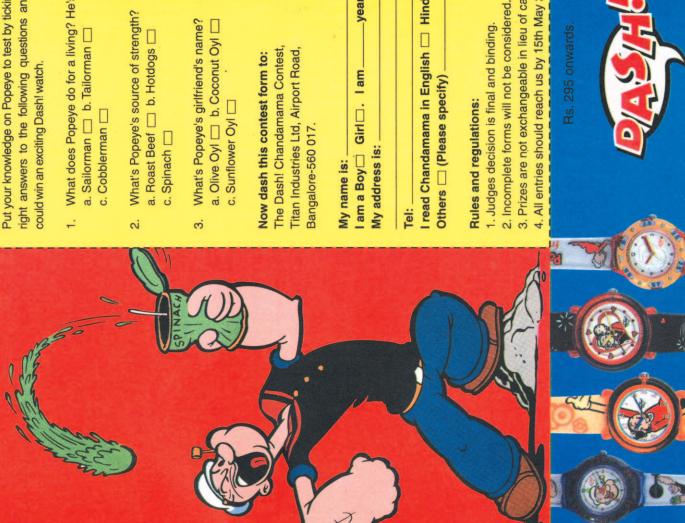
Garden of Errors

(Page 29)

Things that don't fit into this scene:

- 1. Aeroplane
- Coconut tree (because this is not a coastal scene,
- Steam ships in the lake beyond the garden \mathcal{S}
 - Lamp post with electric bulb.4.
- Babur's shadow is all wrong! 5.
- Lawn mower
- Hose pipe
- <u>Binoculars hanging around</u> Babur's neck
 - Sunflower on a rose bush
 - Balloon 10.

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 b. Hotdogs
- What's Popeye's girlfriend's name? c. Sunflower Oyl

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- 1. Judges decision is final and binding.
- 3. Prizes are not exchangeable in lieu of cash.
- All entries should reach us by 15th May 2002



From S. Mallikarjunarao, Andheri, Mumbai

Chandamama gives us fascinating reading material month after month. In the April issue, it is mentioned that the Telugu New Year commences from the Chaitra Sudha Panchami. It actually begins on Chaitra Shuddha Padyami.

By e-mail from Obaid Kadwani

I have been living in all my life. I enjoy the stories New York since I was 12 years old. I have read Chandamama by Ruskin Bond very much.



From Lakshman MV, Secunderabad

reading without a break. I have noticed some of the at the lack of awareness about these texts in the I have been reading Chandamama for the last 35 years - probably the only magazine I have been recent changes. Though I prefer Chandamama in the earlier version, I reckon the changes are in tune with the times and the generation who is, anyway, your target audience. The Panchatantra you had comprehensive that I have seen. I would like to see pictures. That would be the best teacher a child can Mahabharata are lucid and simple. I am surprised form. I can say that you are sitting on priceless once serialised appears to be the best and it published as five books, with the same text and ever get. Similarly, the Ramayana and then present generation. Please bring them out in book software which is superior to any competition.

THE SHADOW THAT SAVED

n the solitary cell the prisoner sat lost in thought. He had been charged with trying to kill an important political personality of the town.

Suddenly in the evening, the jailor announced a visitor. Joe Erdman, the prisoner, woke up from his reverie and stared at the stranger. Who was he? For what was he here?

"Don't get startled, my friend! I'm John Watson, a lawyer. I've come to defend you free of charge," said the tall middle-aged man with round spectacles and a hat.

The attorney had read of the incident in the morning paper. On Sunday, May 22, 1910, at precisely 2.25 in the afternoon, Willy Bannister, once a gambling den operator, now the leader of a political party, on returning from his usual walk, saw a leather bag

on the front porch of his house. He was about to pick it up, when he observed a thin white string running from the keyhole of the bag to the handle of his door.

Losing no time, Bannister called up the police. A host of detectives arrived and cut open the bag. In it was found a pistol amidst a stack of dynamite sticks. The white string was tied to its trigger.

The report had filled the lawyer's mind with doubts. It appeared to him a framed-up plot. Was it set to trap an enemy? His misgivings further deepened when that very afternoon the news came that the suspect was already behind bars. Immediately he had proceeded to meet him in the prison.

"Sir, please don't waste your time on me. All your efforts will only go futile," said the prisoner, morosely shaking his head. "It's true I hate that political fellow and had recently entered into a row with him. Above all, I've no alibi, something or someone, to prove that I was actually elsewhere when the crime was committed. Alas, I've no friends, no witnesses, no money to bail myself out!"

John Watson nevertheless became the suspect's

counsel. On the day of the trial, he assured his client, "Don't worry! There isn't enough evidence to prove you guilty."

Calm and confident remained the lawyer even when seven witnesses, one after the other, affirmed that they had indeed seen Joe Erdman near the politician's house just before the leather bag was found at 2.25 p.m. on May 22.

Then marched in the prime witnesses, two little girls in long white dresses. In fact, in the courtroom everyone had been thinking of them. For the seven witnesses in the course of their testimony had mentioned having seen these girls walk past the house of the politician. The story the two little sisters told was simple and direct.

At precisely 1.50 p.m. that Sunday of May, on their way back home from

the house of the public figure, Willy Bannister, when they saw the accused, Joe Erdman, hurrying down a lane behind the building. They even remembered his limp, his checked shirt, and

the church, they were passing by

Right across in his box sat the prisoner. He was wearing a checked shirt. When asked to walk down the hall, he did so with a limp. A blue cap was shown to him; he at once admitted that it was his.

the blue cap.

It looked as if the case was over. John Watson, the counsel of the accused, gave out a deep sigh. But he did not lose hope and decided to take a chance. Slowly, with a heavy heart, he got up and went up to the two sisters.

"Tell me, any one of you. After you came out of the church, what did you do?"

"We had our photograph taken," replied the older of the two.

"Did you go to any studio for that?"

"No, the old priest was kind enough to take it. We just stood in front of the church."

"Have you got the picture? Can I borrow it?"

"Yes, it is right here in my bag. You can have it, Sir. We have another copy," said the young girl, willingly handing over the print to the lawyer.

At this juncture the judge declared a recess. John Watson walked to the park. He sat there under a tree brooding over the picture. In front of the church stood the two little girls in long white dresses. Their frank testimony seemed to have sealed the case for him. He continued to gaze at the photograph. Can this piece of paper throw some light?

Suddenly a small detail in the picture caught his attention. Ideas started bubbling up in his mind. Yet he felt that something was eluding him. Still holding the photograph, he hurried to the church and stood before it. High above him loomed the belfry tower, whose clock now struck two brazen notes.

With no further delay, John Watson got into a cab and was on his way to the observatory. There he sought a meeting with the astronomer. After that he rushed to the court and obtained an adjournment for the rest of the day on the ground that he had fresh evidence.

The following morning the court hall was packed to the last inch. For the news had spread to every corner of the town that John Watson was going to pop up a surprise.

The first defence witness was summoned. He was a small well-built man, with a little beard and grey moustache.

"Sir, you're the professor of astronomy in the university?"

"Yes, I am."

"Here is a picture. Kindly look at it carefully. Can you tell me exactly at what time the snap was taken?"

"Yes, by all means. I can not only tell you the time but the day, too!"

"How can you be so sure?"

The entire courtroom was still. No one talked, not even whispered; they all waited with bated breath. The astronomer took his time, caressed his little beard and moustache, and then slowly began.

"It is very simple! Here, can you see a shadow in the picture? It's the shadow of the church's steeple. Well, by calculating the angle cast by the shadow I can easily tell what time it was then!"



"Tell us, exactly at what O'clock the snap was taken."

"The camera clicked precisely at 3.10 in the afternoon of May 22, 1910!"

This evidence from an expert made the testimonies of the seven witnesses and the two little girls in long white dresses doubtful and shaky. Their ability to remember was in doubt. If at all they had really seen the accused, then it must have been a full forty-five minutes after the mysterious leather bag had been found at 2.25 p.m.

No one dared to further challenge and cross-examine the astronomer. His calculations and evidence were accurate and solid. All night long he had juggled with his figures, and in the morning even surveyed the site in front of the church, only inspired by the possibility of saving an innocent life from unfair punishment.

Finally, the case fell through and the accused was set free. But there were people who still could not believe how the mere shadow on a snapshot could do the magic!

A year later, they gathered in front of the church on that very day and hour and had their snap taken. When the print was ready, the shadow of the steeple fell exactly at the same angle as in the picture of the two little girls in long white dresses. Pick up CHANDAMAMA FUN WORKSHOP

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Hatsun's Arun Icecream ICECREAMS YOU'VE DREAMT OF BUT NOT TASTED



Do we hear lips smacking at the mention of Arun Icecreams? Hatsun Agro Product Ltd.'s Arun Icecreams, with more than 70 flavours, available at over 1,000 parlours, are going great guns all over South India.

Hatsun has now come out with an exclusive range of icecreams for children. Called Juno, they come in innovative shapes, colours, and flavours, all at affordable prices. Chocodots is a vanilla

icecream bar dotted with white and regular chocolate buttons; Yummy 2 is a combination of two delicious flavours in one; Little Lottas are tiny bars of icecream coated with a film of chocolate; Liksticks are fruit flavoured candy bars, while the Miniballs are rose and vanilla flavoured icecreams that come in plastic containers shaped like balls. Hey! Where are you rushing? To the nearest Arun Icecream parlour?

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Titan brings you two new collections of Dash! watches, one featuring the popular cartoon character Popeye and his friends, and the other, a digital collection. These watches are for children in the age group 6-14. The Popeye collection features the sailorman and his friends in six designs and the watches are packed in attractive spinach cans! They are priced Rs. 350 - 395.

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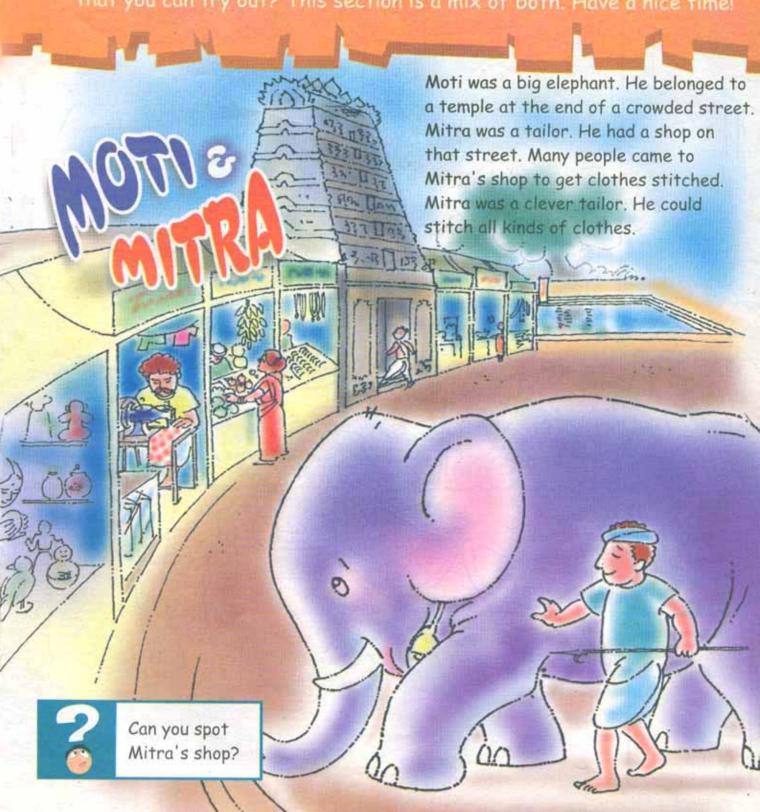
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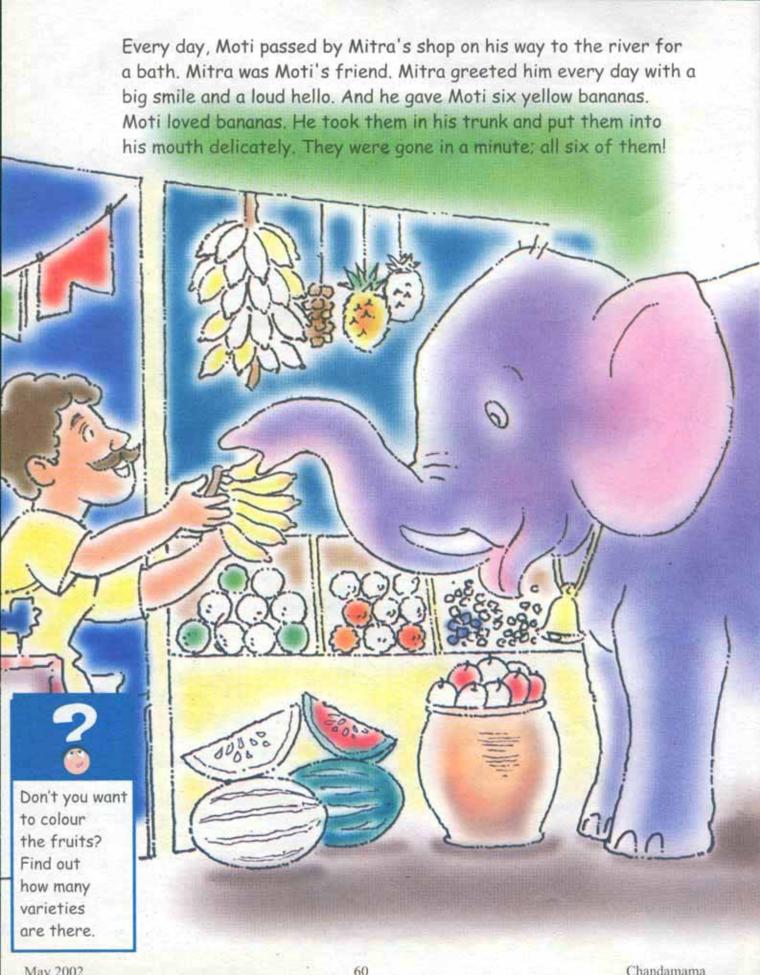
58 Chandamama

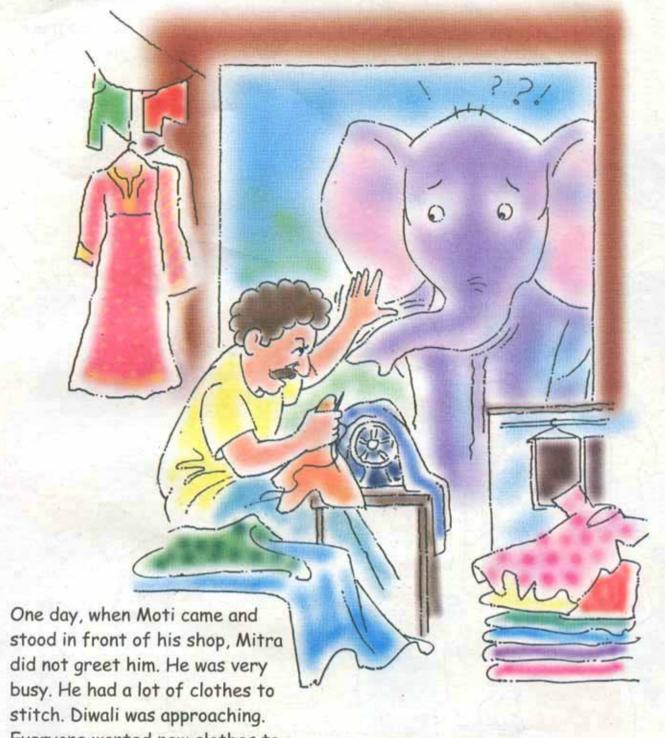
JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA

Hello young ones,

Don't you love reading stories? How about some activities alongside that you can try out? This section is a mix of both. Have a nice time



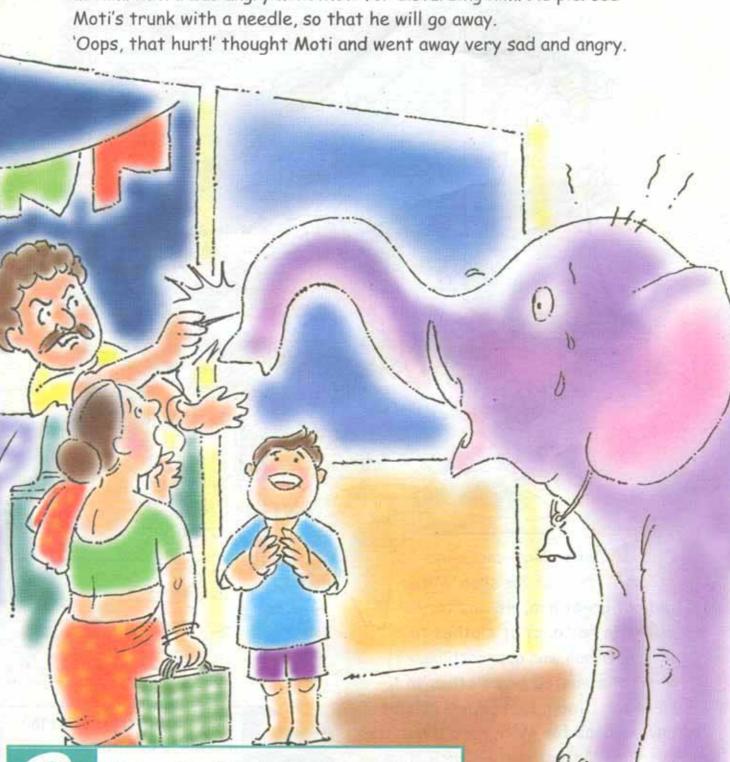




stood in front of his shop, Mitra did not greet him. He was very busy. He had a lot of clothes to stitch. Diwali was approaching. Everyone wanted new clothes to wear for Diwali. He had not bought any bananas for Moti. He did not speak to Moti either. He picked up his scissors to cut a shirt and said, "Go away, Moti, I'm busy."



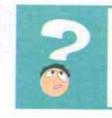
How many packets of cloth remain to be stitched? How many finished dresses can you find? Moti was puzzled. He did not know why Mitra was not giving him any bananas. As Mitra began to stitch the shirt, Moti waved his long trunk at him. Mitra was angry with Moti for disturbing him. He pierced Moti's trunk with a needle, so that he will go away.



Look at the faces here. What are the different expressions you see on them?



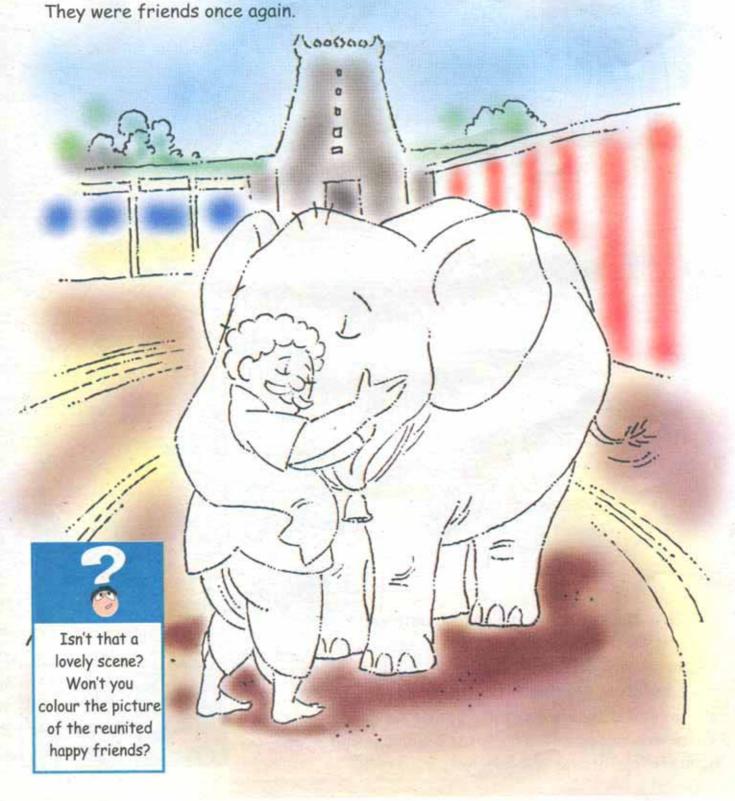
Moti's mahout gave him a nice long bath and brought Moti back along the street. As soon as they reached Mitra's shop, Moti stopped and put out his trunk like a hosepipe. He then let out a stream of water at Mitra and his shop. Everything got wet and muddy. There was muddy water on Mitra's machine and on the beautiful clothes he was stitching.



Can you identify the clothes here?

"Moti! What's the matter?" shouted Mitra. Moti turned away and moved towards the temple. Mitra understood that Moti was angry with him. He followed Moti to the temple and gave him twice as many bananas as usual. He said, "I'm sorry, Moti, for being rude to you."

Moti put his trunk around Mitra and hugged him.







You see here Moti with his herd, and an odd elephant out.

(The stranger is an African elephant.)

Guess why and how he is different from the rest.

The trunk and tusks of an African elephant are longer than those of the Indian elephant.





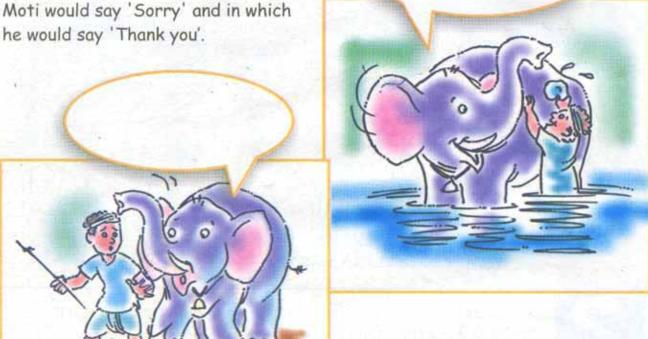
Its ears are broader. It is heavier and taller, too.

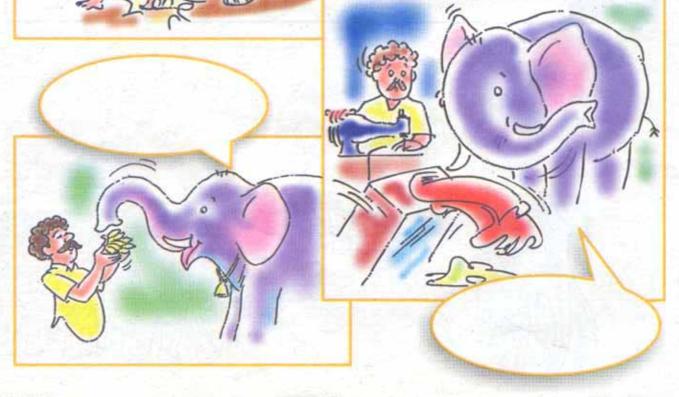


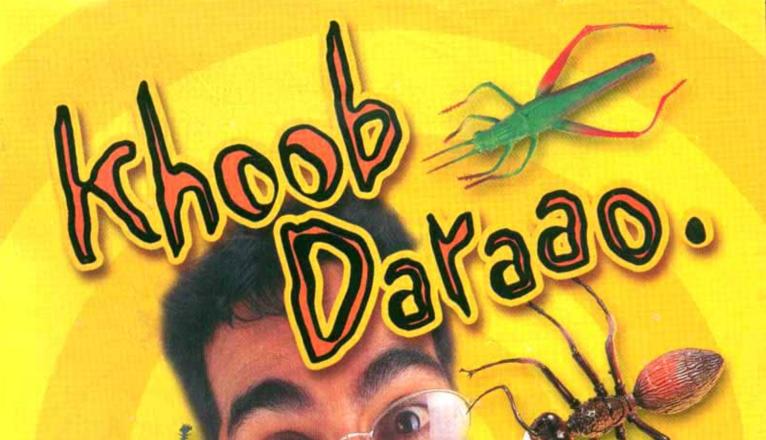
Chandamama 65 May 2002

OOOPS, sorry!

All of us make mistakes, don't we? But do we say sorry after we hurt someone by our mistakes? We should, shouldn't we? That tiny word 'Sorry' may win you a new friend or win back an old friend that you've lost. Look at the pictures below and find out in which of them, Moti would say 'Sorry' and in which he would say 'Thank you'.







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